

Zion's Herald.

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THE MAINE LAYMEN'S CONVENTION at Portland, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, was a great success. The severest storm of the winter tried the faith and ardor of the delegates, and greatly limited the numbers that would have been present. Even those who disapproved of its objects, if any such there are in that State, which is doubtful, would have confessed that the weather on this occasion was at least "a little damp." Yet through the driving storm a goodly company of ministers and laymen gathered. It was a large, respectable and influential body. The proceedings, officially reported, will be found elsewhere. The plan is short and simple, and would be greatly improved if the first word were stricken out. The word "male" is not in the Bible or the Constitution, our sacred and secular Magna Charta; it should not be in the church. Let the basis be adult membership. If the sisters wish to vote, let them. If not, their right to do so can do no harm. We should base lay representation on membership, as we do the ministerial on the whole itinerant body. We hope the General Conference will not compel a future agitation by inserting this unnecessary and harmful word. It was retained here by only a small majority after an earnest discussion. It should be abandoned.

The Convention was spirited and harmonious. The spirit of prayer, of zeal for the church, of love for all its ministers, members, institutions and doctrines, sat on all the assembly. A prayer meeting, occupying the second morning hour, was one of the very best. Its flavor was rich, sanctifying, interblending. Never have we seen laymen and ministers more nobly united at the throne of grace. The former felt a sense of dignified equality which added character to their words, and gave the rounded completeness of self-respect and mutual reverence to the heavenly service.

There is no opposition to this movement in Maine. All the brethren are so interested in all their work for the church, that they feel that this is but the seal of a union which has long since cemented their hearts. They are a model and inspiration to other States where a like unity of sentiment should and will prevail. Maine in this, as in so many other respects, proves herself worthy of her motto, and will direct the church as she does the nation in this career of righteousness, happiness and prosperity.

NEW ALABAMA.—It was understood in political circles that had Mr. Lincoln lived, he would soon have ordered a loyal Convention in South Carolina, under the guidance of a gentleman then and now a Massachusetts judge—not the one so lately and properly refused that office—and that the convention would have taken the Massachusetts Statutes as their body of laws and made South Carolina over at once into her century-long antagonist. That end is being reached in a neighboring State, and will soon be in her though through less prompt and decisive means. A copy of the official Constitution of the State of Alabama, an octavo pamphlet of sixteen pages, shows how thoroughly the spirit of New England has leavened the long obdurate lump. As we read its preamble and Declaration of Rights, and contrast this Constitution with its predecessor, remember-

ing, too, that it was framed by men who had just emerged from the bottomless pit of slavery and the fiery billows of war, we discern more and more the sovereignty of Providence, who maketh the counsels of the wicked to come to naught, and establisheth His laws on eternal foundations.

The new Body of Alabama liberties has amongst its provisions these revived declarations, which in letter and spirit never before found utterance in all that region:

We, the people of the State of Alabama, by our Representatives in Convention assembled, in order to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure to ourselves and to our posterity the rights of life, liberty, and property, invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God do ordain and establish the following Constitution and form of government for the State of Alabama.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

That the great, general and essential principles of liberty and free government may be recognized and established

WE DECLARE:

That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

That all persons resident in this State, born in the United States, or naturalized, or who shall have legally declared their intention to become citizens of the United States, are hereby declared citizens of the State of Alabama, possessing equal civil and political rights, and public privileges.

That all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their benefit; and that, therefore, they have, at all times, an inherent right to change their form of government, in such manner as they may deem expedient.

That any citizen may speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty.

That the citizens have a right, in a peaceable manner, to assemble together for the common good, and to apply to those invested with the power of government, for redress of grievances, or other purposes, by petition, address or remonstrance.

That every citizen has a right to bear arms in defense of himself and the State.

That no form of slavery shall exist in this State; and there shall be no involuntary servitude, otherwise than for the punishment of crime, of which the party shall have been duly convicted.

That this State has no right to sever its relations to the Federal Union, or to pass any law in derogation of the paramount allegiance of the citizens of this State to the Government of the United States.

In all the document there is no hint of the odious distinction yet found in so many constitutions. It knows no white and no black. Schools are to be free to all children. The attempt to put an interdiction on the rights of marriage by forbidding the banns between opposite complexions, was rejected, and this sole woman's right according to Dr. Holland, was not foolishly and wickedly restricted as is the case yet over half the land. We hail Alabama regenerated. The State where secession first put on its "shadow of a kingly crown,"—like Satan, its father, in that assumption—at the very capital where the Rebel Secretary of War telegraphed on the fall of Sumter their expectation of soon waving their conquering flag over Faneuil Hall, where Jeff Davis said, if there is any blood shed, it will be from northern veins on northern soil, has begun a new career which will make her, we trust, the joy and praise of the whole earth.

OUR local brethren from Baltimore who dared to speak for God, their church and their country in the Music Hall reception, have had many complimentary thrusts from the poisoned arrows of *The Baltimore Episcopal Methodist* for their courageous faithfulness. This journal is as excited at the sight of fealty to the nation and the church as the original secession serpent was at Eve's and Adam's loyalty to their God and church. It attacks Rev. Edwin Heffner through a Southern rebel preacher, then, we judge from its words, a minister of our church, who declares that he buried our dead that his brethren killed on their march through his city, and that Mr. Heffner only acted as undertaker, he having charge of the cemetery. He also says that on this occasion he discoursed on political preaching and its results, a consoling theme for the soldiers shot by a mob of his brethren for attempting to save their land from slavery and rebellion. But it may be well to inform this runaway and his editors that he did not have the privilege he claims. The Massachusetts soldiers were sent home. They were not buried, thank God, by rebel ministers, though they were killed by rebel bullets. Mr. Heffner only said that he assisted in laying them out, and tenderly caring for them, as Gov. Andrew had

requested. They were not doubly slain, by the stones of Southern murderers and the harder-hearted prayers of Southern preachers. Mr. Heffner told the truth. Judge Bond, who tried the murderers before a United States soldier had appeared for his protection, Mr. Loane, who flung to the Baltimore breeze the first Union flag, and Mr. Heffner, who wept over our dead boys as he straightened their limbs for burial, will survive all these assaults, and compel yet the willing admiration of their kinsfolk and neighbors, who are now so bitter in their persecutions.

A NEW MOVEMENT.—The name of Asbury has christened many notions that never entered the fertile brain of that famous leader. It has been applied to colleges, camp meetings, churches, books. It appears now under a new guise. The lonely traveler, of melancholic temperament,—hurrying with sad and weary heart from end to end of the land, destitute of all save daily bread, and sometimes even of that, except the kind that cometh down from heaven,—hardly expected his name would be linked with an organization representing millions of wealth, and designed to give comfort, if not affluence to thousands upon thousands. Yet so it is. A petition is before the New York Legislature to charter the Asbury Life Insurance Company. It is not our business to note the rise and progress of the numerous institutions of this class, but this one has some peculiar features. As its name indicates, it is a Methodist Insurance Company. The church has done much through the grace of God in providing eternal insurance for multitudes who have been led by its means from death to life, from hell to heaven. This is a supplementary service, helping them on earth, and assisting in carrying out the promises to believers of the life that now is. The directors comprise some of the first Methodist names, lay and clerical, in New York city, without distinction of party or paper. Messrs. Drew, Curry, Crooks, Carlton, Fancher, Elliot, and other such, are in the Board. It will include all the scope of such companies, policies of endowment, annuity and death. It is based on the celebrated Star Company of London, instituted about twenty-five years ago by the Wesleys, and whose stock, owned almost exclusively by them, is now very high on 'Change. It will afford a safe investment for Methodist ministers and laymen, and no little work for that class of supernumerated brethren who are able to do something towards a livelihood. More than once have efforts been made by Conferences to cover this idea; but nothing reliable has before appeared. As its operations will be confined largely to religious people, its rates of insurance can safely be lower than other societies. It will be undoubtedly a great success.

VANITY OF HUMAN EXPECTATIONS.—Last year the Trinity Church in New York was in solemn ecstasies over the union of the Greek and Anglican churches. Father Agapius, a priest of the Holy Orthodox Church, was received by the rectors of that church. Speeches were made, and communion enjoyed, and the millennium seen. But alas for our Trinity brethren, Father Agapius appears now as a preacher in the Howard Street M. E. Church, San Francisco. He has taken the Holy Orthodox, Greek Church to the Methodist, instead of the Protestant, Episcopal Church. With the instincts of a politician he has joined himself to the stronger party. What will those of that church, who are so indignant because one of their own clergy presumed to preach in a Methodist Church, say when this link between them and an unquestioned apostolic church is thus broken? The wise course is for the Trinity clergy to follow Father Agapius. We have made the Greek welcome, we will the Anglican. All can find union and rest in our ample arms.

THE Suffolk Unitarian Association held a meeting, last Sunday, at Rev. Mr. Hale's Church, to coöperate with the African M. E. Church in the Southern work. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Lowe, Hale and Ellis, Rev. Mr. Brown, Missionary Secretary of the A. M. E. Church, and Mr. Matthews, its General Agent.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."

THE DECLARATION.

BY REV. A. F. BAILEY.

"Without me ye can do nothing."

Help, O my Lord! that this thy word
May all my inmost soul imbue;—
Beyond all else be ever heard,
As thy expression, great and true:—
"Without me ye can nothing do."

Whatever else we vain would crave;
Whatever else would ere pursue;
Without this truth we nothing have,
Whatever wish, or hope, or view:—
"Without me ye can nothing do."

'Tis not by learning's varied lore,
Nor art's attractions weird and true,
Nor all of science' wondrous store,
That we succeed in what we do:—
"Without me ye can nothing do."

Alas! how oft I find my heart
Seduced by every earthly foe,
By Satan's wisdom's wily art!
Well, then, if I this accent know,—
"Without me ye can nothing do."

Myself a branch, and Thou the Vine!
How strong, when out of Thee I grow,
And find in Thee my help divine,
And in this world no other know!—
"Without me ye can nothing do."

Severed from Thee, how quick we die!
How weak, whenever from Thee go!
For comfort, then, how vainly sigh,
And vainly wander to and fro!—
"Without me ye can nothing do."

Yes! great, grand, holy Truth Thou art,
Without whom all our good is woe!
Possess and lodge thou in my heart,
Whate'er I am, where'er I go,—
"Without me ye can nothing do."

A HIGH CHURCH SABBATH IN LONDON.

BY REV. F. H. NEWHALL, D.D.

THE CATHEDRALS AND THEIR SERVICE.

As a general thing the services of the Church of England are as unintelligible to one who does not closely follow them with prayer-book in hand, as if they were conducted in a dead language. Especially is this the case at the cathedrals, where the service is "intoned," and in such a style that I found it very difficult to follow even such familiar portions as the Litany, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. The most solemn and impressive passages, which in themselves are so freighted with thought and feeling, are recited off with a jerking cadence, and an irreverent rapidity that is often revolting. It is certainly impossible for any worshiper to draw the spiritual life out of those rich sentences when formally rattled through like work done by the job. There are beautiful and impressive exceptions, but I refer to the general effect of the cathedral service as heard by the stranger on its native soil. It is true that there is much that at first is engaging and impressive to a devout and imaginative mind. The architectural solemnity of clustered pillars, groined aisles, and lofty nave, the sunbeams streaming through the stained windows upon the sculptured forms of martyrs or apostles, and lighting up the memorial tablets from which the sainted dead yet preach; the music, rolling its thunders along the Gothic arches; the procession of white-robed priests and singers, solemnly ushered in, and reverently bowing in chancel or choir; the responsive "Amen" bursting now and then like a universal heavenward aspiration from the whole congregation,—all this is most impressive to the imagination, if not to the conscience and heart. I can conceive how priest and people and choir might be trained to go through these services in a manner that would be most captivating. But I have vainly sought for a realization of this liturgic ideal. When the very first impression had got worn away I felt as little devotional impulse at a cathedral service as I should at a theatrical exhibition. Devotion is not even well acted in the English cathedrals. The boy choristers will, of course, now and then wink and whisper in the intervals of prayer and praise, or even while bobbing up and down at their desks. The white robe is supposed to be emblematical of the purity of the church, but when tumbled and grimy it does not suggest, save by contrast, the "linen, white and clean," that the revelator saw. The portly forms, rubicund cheeks and wheezy voices of the canons often brought up associations of the side-board rather than of the study or closet. The almost universal drawl in the performance of the service is more insufferable than any "holy tone" or sanctimonious whine that I ever heard from Methodist class leader or New England deacon. As to the reading, both of the scriptures and of sermons, it is simply execrable, if reading ever can be. Pronunciation is, of course, correct, for these priests are bred at the universities, yet I have heard a canon let slip an "h." But, setting pronunciation aside, it is no exaggeration to say that such miserable reading as is

generally heard in the English cathedrals is rare in the American pulpit. Had my excellent friend, Prof. Hibbard, attended with me the cathedral services in London, he would have writhed in agony such as he never experienced at a Freshman declamation.

ST. ALBANS.

I attended, one Sabbath morning, the Puseyite church of St. Albans, in High Holborn. Here may be seen the very highest style of histrionic devotion to be found on Protestant ground. I own that it was with some twinges of conscience as to the propriety of making such a use of sacred time that I turned my steps towards this ecclesiastical theatre. At the breakfast table I inquired of a servant the way to "St. Albans, High Holborn." The man looked blank for a few moments, and then brightened up as he replied: "O! you mean St. Hal-bans, 'I'Alebbun?" I nodded acquiescence to this cockney translation of my American English, and was set on the road. It is a beautiful church, built in the Gothic style. As I entered and glanced down the nave, the first object that met my eye was a large cross erected above the altar. On the wall above and around the cross were pictured representations of the leading events in the life of the Saviour. The table in the chancel was tastefully decorated with flowers, and there was spread open upon it a richly bound ritual. A covered reading-desk stood near the table, and on either side of it candles in twin clusters. Soon there entered from the side of the chancel a robed attendant, who in a graceful and impressive manner removed the covering from the reading-desk, and lighted two tall candles. He made certain other dispositions of the drapery and apparatus within the altar, in a series of elegant movements which produced a marked effect upon the congregation. A procession of priests, robed in white trimmed with crimson and gold, in a most tasteful style, now appeared at the side of the chancel, entered amid strains of low and solemn music, and turned so as to face the cross toward which they made a low obeisance, the leaders bowing on successive steps that led up to the altar. As they bowed, their elegant vestments fell gracefully upon the altar steps, and a large crimson cross on the back of the principal official produced a brilliant effect by contrast with the white drapery around. I must here pause to frankly own that I am unable to gratify the curiosity of the reader by any elaborate description of the vestments that seem to be creating such an intense excitement in the English Church. I am as disqualified for this task as I should be for that of a ball-room reporter. I have not mastered the technical phraseology of ecclesiastical millinery sufficiently to describe "albs" and "stoles" and "chasubles" with that minuteness which, in the opinion of so many Englishmen, the momentous theme demands. But I am happy to say that the white was spotless, the washerwoman had done her duty well; the deep gold and crimson borders made a brilliant and effective contrast; the drapery descended and swept the pavement in graceful curves, and all the bows, gestures, advancements and retrappings of the performers were, as a general thing, accomplished with an ease and elegance that undoubtedly reflected great credit on some dancing-master's training. Yet I must own that, to an irreverent eye, which had been recently scanning the treasures of the British Museum, the priest, when he turned and struck his most impressive attitude, standing with his robes drooping from his extended arms, unpleasantly resembled a gigantic bat, or human-headed Petrodactyl, rather than a man in God's image coming with God's message to men. The performances by the organist and choir were in the very best style of art, and the responses were made in excellent taste. At last a priest came forth from the chancel, and, making a low obeisance to the cross as he passed it, mounted the pulpit and opened his manuscript, at the same time saying, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen." He proceeded to read an indifferent discourse upon the office and ministry of angels; delivered in a most monotonous and slipshod style. In fact his elocution was so wretched that it was with great difficulty that I followed him, although his voice was naturally full and strong. The congregation were very listless, and in fact both preacher and people seemed to regard the discourse as a most insignificant part of the ceremonies of the hour. I gathered from the discourse that the preacher believed that angels carry on all the operations of nature and providence; in fact he avowed that he had been personally conscious of their ministrations. After the discourse a hymn was sung, invoking the aid of angels, and of the Virgin Mary. The successive verses commenced after this manner:

"Angel of Might, let Gabriel come," etc.
"Angel of Peace, let Michael come," etc.
"Angel of Health, let Raphael come," etc.
"And let the Virgin Mother come," etc.

But it was at the sacramental service that Puseyism was displayed in full flower. The candles were all lighted on each side of the altar, and, after various pre-

liminary bowings and chantings, which it would be tedious to describe, the priest entered upon the prayer of consecration. He read the service in the usual manner, burning incense in a censer as he reached the closing portion of the prayer, so that the fumes rolled up in a cloud. A slight cough spread through the congregation as the sacred smoke reached them. When the priests had arisen, an attendant opened the iron gate in front of the altar-rail, and the communicants entered with bowed heads and folded hands. One priest then commenced distributing the bread, pausing before each communicant to break off a fragment and lift it up before the congregation, at the same time whispering a sentence, probably the prescribed form of words, then lowering the bread with the sign of the cross to the mouth of the communicant. Another priest followed with the cup, in like manner elevating and then lowering it with the sign of the cross. The communicants retired as they received the wine, and others took their places immediately, the priests returning, holding aloft the plate and the cup as they did so, and going through the same routine again. All this time low, sweet, and solemn music was sounding from the organ. After all had communicated, one of the priests took the cup in his hand and kissed it, then seemed for a few moments to be rubbing it upon each side of his face, when he kissed it again and drank off its contents. He then poured all the remaining wine from the flagon into the cup, and crumbed into it the remaining bread. He then with a napkin carefully dusted off the smallest crumbs from the plate into the cup and drank again, very carefully draining it to the last drop. Soon after this he dismissed the congregation with the sign of the cross.

And this is the balm with which the English High Church expects to heal the wounds of the world!

THE COMFORTED MOURNER.

In a halo of glory from Paradise lent,
To the home of the human an angel was sent.
Her face was as lovely and pure as the morn
When the light, fleecy clouds are just tinted with dawn;
In the waves of her tresses of golden threads wrought
A reflection from Heaven's bright pavement seemed caught;
While the sound of her wings in the tremulous air
Made a melody low as an infant's soft prayer.
Down through the blue ether the holy one sped,
And folded her wings near the beautiful head
Of a child, who with feeble and fluttering breath,
Was awaiting the call of the Angel of Death.
With his heart filled with anguish, another sat night,
Too burdened with sorrow to weep or to sigh;
And so blinded his vision he saw not the face
Of the angel who filled with her glory the place.
But a demon he thought her, with evil intent
To remove the best treasure kind Fortune had sent;
And instead of the light that the shining one brought,
A shadow of darkness seemed haunting the spot.
Soon the little one, blest by the bright angel's love,
Whispered faintly, "Dear father, you'll meet me above."
Then the face that was once like a rose-tinted shell
Grew as spotlessly white as the lily's fair bell;
And the spirit, set free from its casket of clay,
In the arms of the angel was carried away.
Then the heart of the father seemed turning to stone
As he thought of his life-path so dreary and lone,
Never more to be cheered by the sunshine that shed
From each bright, witching curl of his child's golden head.
And in darkness he wandered for many a day,
Where the clouds were unpeeled by a single bright ray,
Then the pitying Father, who knows all our need,
Sent another bright angel the mourner to lead;
And out from the shadows he came to the light,
Where the hand that had led him was clear to his sight,
And the gem that on earth he had valued so dear
In the crown of the Saviour was seen to appear.
Then the comforted mourner bowed lowly his head,
And softly, "Thy will be done, Father," he said.

BELLE MERRILL.

POETICAL CONCEPTIONS OF SATAN.

BY REV. H. W. WARREN.

One of the needs of poetry is a conception of the devil. For poetry is not merely an expression of pretty conceits and mere sentimentalities in melodious language. It indeed sings the meanest flower that blows, it words the bird-song, voices all the myriad scenes of spring, keeps perfumes ever fresh, perpetuates rainbows, but this is the mere aroma of poesy. It also perpetuates the rolling thunders of the storms, out of which the rainbows are born; it sweeps the whole compass of nature. It trills the fancies of man's lighter hours. It has key-notes adapted to wail man's deepest damnation, or sing his priceless redemption. It tires its wing in the infinite nature of God.

Of course then poetry must treat of the devil. But how different are the forms and characteristics in which imagination has bodied him forth. That great stark fact in our consciousness and the word of God that he exists, has been variously dressed; sometimes in harlequin colors, sometimes in royal robes. There is a curious connection between one's character and his

imaginings. Except that men cannot embody, he creates by his imagination worlds, and realms, and creatures to people them as freely as God does. But each finds the type of his creations in himself. God launches perfect eden worlds, and gives the lordship to beings in his own image. Which way Satan turns, or works, is hell, for he himself is hell. Given then, a man's character, we can predict his creations; or his imaginings, we can affirm his character. This is very evident in men's conceptions of Satan.

There is Goethe, not a vicious man, and by no means a good man; a man of easy habits, a singer of impulses that smacked more of nature than of grace; at one moment shedding tears of wrath at his king's misfortunes caused by Napoleon, and the next, jubilant, because he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor at the conqueror's hands. He held human ties in light esteem, and the laws of God less authoritative than "Elective Affinities." Unlike his friend Schiller, he did not use his divine gift of song to elevate, but to debase men. His devil is characteristic. An easy-going rake, helping men to sensual pleasures; on easy terms with God, and about as happy. God says to him, "The like of you, I never yet did hate." Men of more damnable qualities are everywhere to be met with.

We have a palpable imitation of Faust in the English Festus. Its author has no conception of sin.

"Good and evil are God's right hand and left."
"Yet merit and demerit none I see,
In nature human or material,
In passions or affections, good or bad."

He believes in the restoration of all to goodness, and the final absorption of the devil into God. Consequently he needs a good sort of a Satan. We have him—a fair gentleman at large; excellent company; endowed with such power to give men long trips of foreign travel, even outside of earth, into hell without inflicting its pains, into heaven without disposition to prevent the enjoyment of communion with our glorified friends, that we can but wish that we had such a devil at our beck.

There is Lord Byron, thoroughly wicked, as good a hater as excellent capacity strengthened by the practice of a lifetime could produce, who relieved a life of universal badness, but by a single good deed, whose imagination was unsurpassed, and which especially delighted in grand and awful scenes. Surely he can give us a portraiture of Satan befitting the Prince of the Power of darkness. He attempted it in his Cain, and made a miserable failure. "Of Lucifer, as drawn by Lord Byron, we absolutely know no evil; on the contrary, the impression we receive of him is from his first introduction, most favorable. He is not only endowed with all the beauty, wisdom, and unconquerable daring which Milton has assigned him, but he is represented as unhappy, without a crime, and as pitying our unhappiness." "The Lucifer of Byron is neither a noble fiend nor yet a villain fiend—he does nothing, he seems nothing—there is no poetry either of character or description about him—he is a poor, sneaking, talking devil—a most wretched metaphysician, without wit enough to save him even from the damnation of criticism; he speaks neither criticism nor common sense." He is less wicked than Cain, and as far as appears, as good as God.

We feel almost surprised that a man of such dark imaginings could do no better justice to this character. But a moment's reflection amply reveals the cause. Byron was complacent toward himself. Sin in him was not seen to be evil. Hence the arch sinner was not hideous. He could not possibly conceive of a Satan—Being a follower of his, Satan did not care to reveal himself to his pupil. His bleared eyes could not see through the devil's constant masks. Twilight cannot contrast darkness as sunlight can. Byron cannot measure Satan as well as the most unimaginative saint.

Milton succeeds better, yet in strict accordance with his character. He is a man of vast mental power. In the great schemes of statesmanship he is at home. The uncomprehended rights of universal man rose out of darkness to greet his sight, and to be, by him, clothed in radiance in the sight of all men. He had pity for the fallen, and sympathy for the oppressed. But concerning his sweet affability by divine grace, and his clear conception of delicate moral issues by spiritual illumination from above, nothing can be said. Indeed he was disposed to conform one of God's most sacred laws of society to his peculiar circumstances. His Satan conforms to himself. He is a monarch, struggling for power. How to regain his lost throne, not his lost purity, is his study. He even has elements of tenderness about him. When he sees that vast rout of his forces accomplished, and ruin wide as hell, he weeps such tears as angels may, and speaks with interjectional sighs, of plans whereby he may lead them forth to a better condition. He ruins men to find more subjects for himself, to win a wider empire, not out of

any hate of goodness, not out of sheer malignity that delights in evil, because it opposes God.

The Poet that enriched the English language more than any other man, if we except the Bard of Avon; who opened any grander realms of imagination than any other, if not than all other men; who advocated education in mellifluous prose in the time of ignorance; who vindicated the liberty of the press, when it was everywhere bound; who did more for freedom with his pen, than Cromwell did with his sword; this man added nothing to the moral conceptions of the race. Holiness shone with no brighter glory, perfect love thrilled to no higher bliss, sin took on no darker shades of enormity because he lived and wrote.

We have another ideal conception of Satan from the pen of Mrs. Browning in the Drama of Exile. This author had a pure heart, and led a holy life. In her sonnets, we saw how she hungered and thirsted after God, and was filled. Her nature was made sensitive by years of the ecstasy of suffering. Can this fine woman-nature imagine a Satan? Yes, all the better for her moral purity, her "sensibility of sin, her pain to feel it near." Any flames of earth look black between us and the sun, and only on a back ground of holiness can the black enormity of sin appear. She points Satan not as thirsting for power, or release from pain, or faltering with flimsy lies; but fiendishly exultant in the ruin he has wrought, and the hate he has gratified. He is God's antagonist, and his whole being concentrates in malignity. He never queries whether God will find some worse way to plague him. He does not care. He is ready for anything, so be that he can thwart God's purposes. For exultation in evil for its own sake, from which no personal advantage can possibly spring, for demoniac joy at accomplished disaster, and devilish anticipation of the ruin of more angels, nothing can surpass Mrs. Browning's conception of Satan's feelings at his first seeming victory in the Garden of Eden:

Rejoice in the clefts of Gehenna
My exile, my host!
Earth has exiles as hopeless as when a
Heaven's empire was lost.
Through the seams of her shaken foundation,
Smoke up in great joy!
With the smoke of your fierce exultations
Deform and destroy!
Smoke up with your lurid revenges,
And darken the face
Of the white heavens, and taunt them with changes
From glory and grace!
We, in falling, while destiny strangles,
Pull down with us all.
Let him look to the rest of his angels
Who's safe from a fall?
He saves not. Where's Adam? Can pardon
Requicken that sod?
Unkinged is the king of the Garden,
The image of God.
Other exiles are cast out of Eden,
More curse has been hurled.
Come up, O my locusts, and feed in
The green of the world.
Come up! we have conquered by evil,
Good reigns not alone.
I prevail now, and angel or devil,
Inherit a throne.

He is as strong as Milton's Satan. He is not "made by God to do his part," does not "go to do God's will," like Festus' ideal evil. He says:

"I CROSS this ruin. I elected it
Of my will, not of service. What I do
I do volent, not obedient."

Grandeur, freedom, and the sheer malignity of evil are combined in this portraiture. The conception is probably surpassed only by that one other, viz., God. To his perfect purity evil becomes abhorrent beyond our conceptions.

COMMENTS OF THE COMMENTATORS.

THE ANNUNCIATION. *The Angel Gabriel was sent from God. Luke i. 17.*—At length the moment is come which is to give a Son to the Virgin, a Saviour to the world, a Pattern to mankind, a Sacrifice to sinners, a Head to the angels, a Temple to Divinity, a new Worshipper to the Eternal Father, a new nature to His Son, and a new principle to the new world. The angel is sent from God, not to the kings of earth, but to a poor maid. Great degrees of grace are but seldom conferred on the great.—*Quesnel.*

When she saw him she was troubled . . . and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.—They who are truly humble are always troubled when they hear themselves praised.—*Quesnel.*

Then Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.—God does his creature the honor to ask her consent. The agreement of the almighty operation of God in the heart of man with the free consent of his will is showed us in the incarnation as in the source and pattern of all other operations of mercy and grace, all of them as free and as much depending on God as this original operation. Let us be faithful in submitting ourselves to the designs of God concerning us, though beyond the reach of our comprehension, with faith, humility, obedience, renouncing our own understanding and resigning ourselves to his commands. Can we ever forget this adorable moment of the incarnation of the Word, the fountain of every grace, the sacred first fruits of all the mysteries of Christ, and which gives us Jesus Christ himself.—*Quesnel.*

He shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.—Here are four marks of the greatness of Jesus. (1) The elevation of his human nature to the divine by its union with the Word. (2) His filiation according to the divine nature. (3) His sovereignty over his church. (4) The eternity of his kingdom. How adorable thy goodness, O Jesus, to make those partakers of thy greatness from whom thou receivest nothing but meanness in thy incarnation. The Christian in this life is made partaker of the divine nature in Christ, and enters into his filiation by the adoption of the Father; in the other, he will partake of his sovereignty and of the eternity of his kingdom. My God, what disengagement from earthly things does not the Christian grace require of us!—*Quesnel.*

Joseph minded to put her away.—The unutterable tragical situation of the Virgin, misunderstood and deserted by her betrothed, presents a striking type of the future history of her Son, forsaken in Gethsemane and on the cross. In both cases the cause was the same—faith, the import the same—the elevation of the world; the issue was the same—glory; the effect the same—the awakening of faith. The first New Testament narrative commends to us a holy consideration for woman. The Holy Spirit introduced the Son into the world, and the Son, the Holy Spirit.—*Lange.*

Her thoughtfulness gives a very useful intimation to young people of her sex, when addresses are made to them, to cast in their minds what manner of salutations they are, whence they come and what their tendency is, that they may always stand on their guard.—*Henry.*

It may be said of Abraham that his faith brought the word of the Lord as a word of promise into the world; it may in the same way be said of Mary, that her faith brought the incarnation of the Word into the world.—*Lange.*

We must as Mary here, guide our desires by the Word of God, and ground our hopes upon it. Be it unto me according to the word, just so and no other wise.—*Henry.*

O happy moment of our blessed Saviour's birth, be thou always present to our mind, be thou always the delight of our heart.

Mary and Eve; their similarity and dissimilarity. Mary the happiest, but also the most surely tried of women.—*Heubner.*

The holier the humbler. The troubles of holy minds always end in comfort.—*Starke.*

True love finds a way between jealousy and insensibility.—*Gossner.*

Wise patience is a very great gift both in a husband and a wife.

The Gospel is the last dispensation; we are to look for no other.—*Henry.*

God forsakes none who confide in him.—*Braune.*

ANECDOTE OF REV. RICHARD WATSON.

Rev. Richard Watson's examination of candidates for the Christian ministry was always an intellectual feast, and many of his expositions of scripture were treasured up like precious deposits. On one occasion several brethren were questioned on the fall of man, or original sin. In quoting scripture proofs, all, twelve in number, had neglected to adduce the strongest passage on the subject, with the exception of one, and when Mr. Watson came to him, he said, "Now I shall expect it from you. What is it?" The young man summoned up all his thoughts and courage, and replied, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh;" John iii. 6. "That's it," said Mr. Watson. This interesting and profitable examination will never be forgotten by those present. One of these young men has said: "I remember hearing him, one Tuesday evening, in City Road Chapel, preach from the words, 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of.' O what a sermon was that! How he described the depravity of the heart. Several preachers were present, who sat like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel." Let all our young ministers earnestly study and well digest his writings, and let them feel the importance of their work as he evidently felt it, and they will be "workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." D. NASH.

Southport, Conn.

DEATH.—Fear not, thou that longest to be at home; few more steps and thou art there. Death, to a believer in Christ, is as a ferry-boat; every day and at every hour the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and then returns for more. Soon, I believe, it will be said of them, as it was to her in the Gospel, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." When you are got to the boundary of your race below, and stand on the verge of heaven and the confines of immortality, there will be nothing but the short valley of death between you and the promised land; the labors of your pilgrimage will then be on the point of conclusion, and you will have nothing to do but to treat God, as Moses did, "I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan." Many go weeping into this river, but never was there a saint yet who went weeping all the way through it.—*Toplady.*

"A man of genius" ought to be set up in the midst of comfort, like an Alderney cow in a meadow of clover.—*Theo. Tilton.*

LAY REPRESENTATION IN MAINE.

The State Convention of ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, called to meet in the Chestnut Street Church, for the purpose of giving formal expression to the opinion of those in this State who favor Lay Representation in the General and Annual Conferences, met yesterday afternoon, and at 3 o'clock was called to order by Dr. E. Clark, of this city.

Hon. Hiram Ruggles, of Carmel, was elected temporary Chairman, and D. G. Harriman temporary Secretary.

J. B. Gould, of Bangor, offered prayer.

On motion of C. J. Talbot, esq., a committee of seven was appointed to report a permanent organization.

After consultation the following report was made:

President—Hon. Hiram Ruggles, of Carmel.

Vice Presidents—Hon. John L. Blake, Farmington; Hon. M. J. Talbot, E. Machias; Rev. B. F. Tefft, Brewer; Hon. B. F. Eastman, Strong; Rev. John Allen, Farmington; Dimon Funnell, esq., Wilton; Wm. Ross, esq., Portland; Rev. Joseph Colby, Gorham; Rev. L. P. French, Oldtown; Hon. B. J. Herrick, Alfred; Hon. R. B. Dunn, Waterville; Rev. H. P. Torsey, Readfield; Rev. H. B. Abbott, Lewiston; Rev. C. W. Morse, South Berwick; Hon. Elisha Clark, Bath; Enoch Cousins, esq., Kennebunkport; Rev. S. F. Wetherbee, Portland; Rev. J. B. Gould, Bangor; E. M. Tibbets, esq., Bangor; Rev. P. Jaques, Winthrop; Rev. I. S. Cushman, Conway; Rev. J. S. McMillan, Biddeford; Rev. Hobart Richardson, Waterville.

Secretaries—D. J. Harriman and C. J. Clark, Portland.

On motion of Dr. E. Clark, the following committee was raised to report a plan for Lay Representation: Dr. E. Clark, Portland; S. B. Pearce, esq., Lewiston; Hon. M. J. Talbot, Wilton; A. S. Weed, esq., Bangor; Hon. W. H. Joselyn, Portland; Rev. J. B. Gould, Bangor; Wm. Deering, esq., Portland.

On motion of Hon. J. J. Perry, the following were appointed a Committee on Resolutions: Hon. J. J. Perry, Oxford; Hon. J. A. Sanborn, Readfield; Rev. E. H. Keyes, Portland; Hon. Chas. Beale, Hudson; Rev. C. C. Cone, Brunswick; Rev. B. A. Chase, Bangor; J. B. Donnell, esq., Portland.

Dr. Clark, Chairman of Committee on Plan, reported the following plan of Lay Representation:

ELECTORS.—Male members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, shall be electors; and when they shall have been four years members in full communion in said church, they shall be eligible to the office of Lay Delegates to the Annual and General Conferences.

STEWARDS ELECTIVE.—Stewards of Circuits and Stations, and also District Stewards, shall be elected annually by the electors of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the last quarterly meeting of the year, of each Circuit and Station.

DELEGATES TO THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES.—How CHOSEN.—District Stewards, at a meeting held within not less than 30 days next preceding the session of the Annual Conference, shall elect not less than three nor more than nine Delegates from each District, the number to be determined by a fixed ratio of representation or membership, to represent the laity in Annual Conferences.

RIGHTS OF DELEGATES IN ANNUAL CONFERENCES.—Lay Delegates to the Annual Conferences shall have the right to take part in all their deliberations, to act on all committees and to vote on all questions, except those relating to passage of character, and the trial of ministers.

DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—How CHOSEN.—At the Annual Conferences next preceding the meeting of the General Conference, the lay members shall elect Delegates to the General Conference, equal in number to the Clerical Delegates, elected by the ministers.

RIGHTS OF DELEGATES IN THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—Lay delegates to the General Conference shall have the right to take part in all deliberations of that body, to act on all committees, except those on Itinerancy and Episcopacy, and to vote on all questions except those relating to the trial of ministers.

After thorough discussion, this plan was adopted, and the meeting adjourned to 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Sawyer, of Bath.

The following resolutions, prepared and read by Hon. J. J. Perry, were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, The General Conference of the M. E. Church in 1860, and subsequently the General Conference of 1864, both recognized the principle of "Lay Representation" and committed themselves to its introduction into that body, "when it shall be ascertained that the church desires it"; We, therefore, members of the M. E. Church in Maine in Convention assembled, in response to the action of said Conferences, do hereby adopt the following resolutions, as embodying our sentiments and opinions on said subject.

Resolved, 1. That we hereby re-affirm our loyalty to Methodism and the M. E. Church,—that we are in harmony with its doctrines, usages, and discipline,—that our affection for the whole church is undiminished,—and that we greatly desire the full development of its power and energies in advancing the conquests of the Redeemer's kingdom to a final triumph.

2. That we believe in the great doctrine of progress, not only as applied to human governments, the material, social and moral world, but as connected with the religious organizations of the day; that no system of church government or church polity can so nearly approximate to perfection, as to preclude the idea of improvement, or be plead as a bar against intelligent, impartial investigation.

3. That the governmental polity of American Methodism should be equally based upon American ideas; that whatever stands in the way of the representative principle and the right of suffrage, so universally recognized by our people as the chief corner-stone of republican institutions, should be removed. And we believe the full adoption of this principle by the next General Conference, would do much to conquer (the) prejudices, and bring into communion many who otherwise are in full sympathy with our church organization and doctrines.

4. That there can be no such conflict of rights and interests between the clergy and laity in the Methodist Episcopal Church as will prevent harmonious co-operation of these two elements in the Legislative Councils of the church; that all fears that the latter, in the event of the adoption of lay representation would encroach upon the rights of the former, is an impeachment of the piety and integrity of the laity; that in the terse language of Bishop Simpson, "What is for the interest of the church is for the interest of the ministry of the church, and whatever is for the interest of the church is for the interest of the laity of the church. We are all one."

5. That while we acknowledge with gratitude the wonderful

success of Methodism in the past, we believe we have now reached a point in its history, where to insure the greatest success, the co-operative energies of the whole church should be brought into active requisition, and where the combined wisdom of both clergy and laity should direct in her councils, and guide her on to new conquests and new victories.

6. That in recommending the introduction of lay representation into our Conferences, we disclaim any intention to interfere in any way with the "Itinerant System" peculiar to our own church, believing as we do that it combines more wisdom and efficiency than any other plan ever devised to supply the people with the regular and stated ministrations of the Gospel.

7. That we have seen with profound satisfaction the excellent spirit and brotherly love that have characterized the discussion upon this subject; that while our brethren upon both sides of this question have been in earnest, they have been courteous, kind and gentlemanly towards their opponents. As evidence of this truth, we have only to cite the gratifying fact that during the past year more members have been added to the church, more effective Christian labor has been done, more money has been raised for the benevolent operations of the church, and more churches have been built, than during any previous year in our history.

8. That we hail with gratitude and pleasure the action both of conferences and conventions in the great West and other parts of the country, in favor of lay representation. They are unmistakable omens that our church and people upon this question will very soon see eye to eye and be of one heart and one mind.

9. That we hereby approve of the plan of representation reported to this Convention by the committee who have had that subject in charge, and recommend its adoption by the next General Conference.

10. That a copy of these resolutions together with the "plan" adopted be signed by the President and Secretary, and forwarded to the next General Conference, as a memorial to be duly presented to said body for its action.

11. That we have read with interest the proceedings of the New England Convention in favor of Lay Representation, held at Boston, on the 30th of November last; and that we approve of the general principles contained in the resolutions adopted by that body.

12. That while we view with some alarm the recent avowals of a few of our ministers, that in the ministry alone inheres the exclusive right of government in the church, we cannot believe that a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will ever sanction by word or deed such an exploded dogma.

Rev. Mr. Keyes was very glad to welcome the members of this Convention. He was glad the laymen were appreciating more and more the benefit of these occasional gatherings. He had no doubt if the proposed change were effected, the power and efficiency of the church would be greatly augmented. He had formerly felt a passive feeling in this question, but closer investigation had compelled him to take living and active interest. He felt that the future success of the church demanded it. While other churches were vexed with various questions of church polity, we are not exempt. We are met also by the question of High or Low church. Some on the other side claim that a call to preach also gives the right to rule and control the church in all respects, but he repudiated this idea, and had no doubt that the preachers would eventually, one and all, disavow such dangerous doctrines.

Hon. J. J. Perry said he was gratified to see so many delegates of prominence from all parts of the State. It shows that our people are wide awake on this vital question. We are not here as revolutionists, but in answer to the call of the tribunal of the church, the General Conference. This discussion has been carried on with good spirit, with hardly an exception. Allusion has been made to the frequent gathering that this arrangement would bring about. He had firm belief that these gatherings would result in much good to the church. We ought to become acquainted with other societies. We should then work more actively, and have greater accessions to the church. We should all be true to our convictions in this matter, till laymen and ministers all unite heartily and as one man in the conversion of the world.

Rev. Mr. Gee, of Tennessee, was then called upon to address the Convention. He was in hearty sympathy with this movement. It seemed strange that our fathers in the M. E. Church had made no provision for lay representation. That history of the church that fails to recognize the great lay power of the time of Wesley, is incomplete. This is not revolution. Some say we have already done well enough, and why should we want any change. We have not arrived at perfection in anything except that of doctrine, which is clearly declared in Holy Writ. As to the divine right of the ministers to rule, he thought the Pope was born with that idea, and he hoped it might soon die with him. He could not find this doctrine in the Bible, nor anywhere else except very far from righteousness. He thought the time when this movement results in success will be an epoch in our history. The more laymen are identified with all the interests of the church, the better Christians they would become; they would not perhaps become lay preachers, but they would be more active workers.

Rev. J. B. Gould, of Bangor, said he preferred to let others speak, as others were prepared. He would have the word "male" struck from our plan, and have all equals in the church.

Rev. G. Haven, of Boston, said, in this great movement his heart was thoroughly with this Convention. He was surprised to find so large a company in so terrible a storm. It showed that Maine was nearly a unit on this question. He felt surer of nothing than that the time would soon come when the church would be represented in the legislation of the church. We are told that General Conference legislates solely for the ministry, but the great question that has agitated our Conference for twenty years had no reference to the ministry, but to the membership exclusively. Our church constitution might be amended and improved, as the national one had been the last few years. It had been so amended frequently. Bishop Ames once said to him that if one hears the orders and resolves on every part of the Discipline introduced into the General Conference at the opening of its session, if a timid member, he would fancy that the whole book would soon be annihilated. But it comes out of the trial unharmed, and even improved. A great ship is not put in a dry-dock to be broken up, but to be made stronger, swifter, better. So our church quadrennially examines into her condition, and adds the improvements essential to her greater efficiency. None of these improvements will harm, but all will strengthen her fundamental principles and polity.

"American" ought not to be in the resolutions, unless as

expressive of a universal truth. Our church should know no land. Its mission Conferences everywhere should be made, as soon as possible, equals with all other Conferences. Thus will she compass and enlighten the whole world. Delegates from all quarters will sit together, and with love to God and the Church, will legislate for fraternity, unity, and strength, until she shall become the exact pattern of the church which is in the heavens.

Rev. Dr. Cumming made the last and chief address. It was very thorough and eloquent. It covered all the ground of scriptural right, justice and necessity. We regret we have not room for a full report. He will, we hope, prepare it for publication.

MORNING SESSION.

An excellent prayer meeting opened the morning of the second day. Rev. John Allen presided. The cause of Lay Representation entered materially into the prayers and praises of the brethren. It showed how fully this cause harmonizes with the great mission of the church when the burden of speech and prayer connected the spreading of scriptural holiness with the union of ministers and members in the government and guidance of the church. After the prayer meeting, Hon. Mr. Ruggles took the chair. Rev. Dr. Vail made a very interesting speech. He said: When at Bowdoin College the question of the rights of laymen in the government of the church was under discussion. When he joined the M. E. Church there were then three defects in it, which he regretted. It had slaveholders, it did not permit theological education, and it gave laymen no share in the government of the church. Two of these evils had ceased. The last will soon follow.

Our past and present state on this question is no reflection on our fathers. They were substantially rulers in our infantile condition; but a church eighty years old has outgrown its childish estate, and should assume the duties and enjoy the prerogatives of manhood. This question has been before the church from the beginning. In 1786 it was considered by the Conference. In 1796 Bishops Asbury and Coke devoted an entire page of their Discipline to this question. They feared it would disturb the itinerancy. But the history of the laity for eighty years show how strongly they are attached to the Itinerancy. He remembered an instance in point. In 1845, the New York Conference found great trouble in making the appointments. For three weeks they had sat, and at last Bishop Hedding came with the list of appointments. The house was crowded. The Bishop arose and spoke of their difficulty in making the appointments, and then turning to the laity he said, "All you who will receive your preachers kindly, and support and co-operate with them, say Amen." A universal uprising and a voice as the sound of many waters attested to the depth and unanimity of their feeling. He then turned to the preachers, and asked all who would pledge themselves to go to their stations as men of God, cheerfully; and an "Amen" came from the Conference but seemingly less hearty than that from the lay brethren. From that time it has felt that the itinerancy was as safe in the hands of the laity as of the ministry. This is more than expediency. It is right, scriptural and divine. He showed that the laity had a part in the governing of the Jewish and Christian Church. He said no friend of this cause intended to leave the church as they had been advised. They were born in it, brought up in it, had loved it and served it, and by the help of divine grace should die in it. He advised patience, perseverance and prayer.

Capt. Sturtevant regretted that sickness compelled his absence from the meeting yesterday. He urged that the ministry should love the laity more and more. He wanted the church enlarged and prospered. He gave an apt illustration of the relation of the church and ministry: "Suppose," he said, "a man should go to California, and send home money to his wife. She should build a house and establish a circulating library, and otherwise improve the capital he supplied. But if he should return, and she should put her head from the window of his house and refuse him admission, and should not allow him any participation in the management of the library his fund had built up, she would be anything but a true wife. The Church and ministry are one. Shall the latter exclude the former from entering the house of government, and from participating in the management of the Book Concern its money has built up?" He thought greater prosperity would attend our church if all were officially represented in her councils.

Rev. I. S. Cushman spoke of the difficulty he had experienced in persuading converts educated under other influences to join the M. E. Church, because laymen have so few rights under its government. He thought the indifference of the people was owing to the way in which the preachers had presented the subject.

Rev. C. C. Cone said, we have been called restless and revolutionary. All the arguments against the movement are only a *rehash* of the old arguments against the anti-slavery movement. To oppose this movement is to oppose Providence. We cannot stop it if we would.

Rev. D. B. Randall said his convictions on this subject have not been clear. For this reason he had been silent, and it had been said he was opposed to the object of the Convention. But this was not so. He would be watchful and cautious; his long experience in the ministry had given him an opportunity to see the beginning and the end, or rather, the results of agitating revolutionary measures. He had seen secession resulting from it, and the Protestant Methodist Church is proof on this very point. He could not at once divest his mind of his former opinions and prejudices. The principle he was not opposed to, and if any way could be devised to attach this additional wheel to our machinery, so it will run smoothly and take its part of the strain without adding to the friction, he was ready for it.

The following committees were chosen to attend the sessions of the Maine Conference, and on Friday of the session secure its co-operation with the movement: Hon. J. J. Perry, of Oxford; Hon. B. J. Eastman, of Strong; Hon. Elisha Clarke, of Bath; Dr. E. Clarke, of Portland; Capt. C. Sturtevant, of Portland; L. R. Pearce, of Lewiston, and D. G. Harriman, of Portland.

A Committee consisting of Wm. R. Deering, esq., of Portland, and A. S. Weed, esq., of Bangor, was chosen to circulate the petition to the General Conference, among the people of the two Conferences.

With a vote of thanks to the Portland brethren, the Convention adjourned.

JANUARY QUARTERLIES AND MAGAZINES.

The *North American*, though the oldest and largest, is the first on hand, and the most youthful of aspect. Superb typography and paper make this 218th number as handsome as many the first specimen copy of an ambitious serial, which is apt to be the last. The "old boy" is "spry e'en any kitten," to quote its chief editor. It snaps like an aged cat's back in its electric sparkle. It has other feline qualities besides spryness and electricity. It has about a cat's knowledge of revealed and highest truth, though unlike the venerable tabby, it does not content itself with drowsy purrings of self-satisfaction. "Boston" is bravely handled in its first article by Charles Francis Adams, jr., a much abler and truer Adams than his copperhead and run brother, the shadow of a name. He shows how within thirty years Boston has fallen from its commercial position. In 1837 its rates of foreign trade with New York was as one to five; now it is one to thirteen. It had two foreign steamers a month then. It has none now. This decrease he charges to the policy of investing West instead of developing at home. The Grand Trunk should come here. Foreign steamers should go hence to England, India and the Mediterranean. The State should subsidize them if Congress will not. Every business man and corporation should study this article, especially every legislator. It sneers at the modes Boston folly and sin have taken to bolster up trade, and such as building theatres and breaking down the Prohibitory law. Hear this Adams against the Allens' and Adams' and the Boston Press, who fancy that if liquor is free, everybody South is coming here to buy goods:

The whole country has witnessed her frantic efforts to recover lost ground,—the superabundance of infallible remedies suggested as cures for her troubles,—the spasmodic efforts with which she has partially followed out these abortive schemes. Most citizens of Boston can run over in memory since 1848 a long list of futile enterprises, the projectors of which promised from them wealth to themselves and a renewed commercial eminence to their city. The Western men, and the seductions necessary to be held out to induce them to flock to Boston rather than to gay New York, have for years been the favorite theme of the city press, and furnished strong argument for endless subscription lists. In 1852 the Western purchaser must have a theatre to beguile away his evenings, or he would not come to Boston. Forthwith an enormous barn was built, which Boston fills a dozen times a year, and ruins endless managers in doing it. Then, the theatre having failed to beguile the Western man from his New York haunts, trade-sales were hit upon. The denizen of the prairie could not resist the temptation of great auctions. This lasted a year or two, and then was heard of no more. Then came up the Southern man in place of the Western man, and lines of steamers were established to run to Richmond, to Charleston, to Savannah, to New Orleans, and every other Southern port,—with what success the stockholders probably remember. Then a Grand Junction Railway was built to accommodate an export trade which could not exist, and it rotted away in hopeless bankruptcy. Then public meetings were held, and the principles of freedom abjured by venal orators in the vain desire to propitiate the cotton-lord. Then came the confused jumble of railroad schemes and oceanic steamer schemes and mammoth hotel schemes and harbor schemes, and even schemes to relax morals and the prohibitory liquor law in favor of that Western purchaser so earnestly longed for and so rarely seen. The simple fact being that Boston for years has not shown, nor does she now seem likely to show, in her commercial relations, either wisdom or instinct, either quickness or perseverance; her policy has been all founder and spasm.

What remedy can now be suggested for this ill? What hint can Boston draw from the experience of Chicago? She has poured out her capital like water in futile experiments; can she, then, learn nothing from failure? Is there no inherent cause of ill-success running through all these abortive schemes,—a cause which, once discovered, might perhaps be obviated? What Boston has lacked has been system. She has never carefully thought out for herself what she wanted, and then resolved to go systematically and doggedly to work to get it. She has forgotten that she lives in a material age, an age of *laissez faire* and political economy. Buyers do not now seek theatres, hotels, or bar-rooms, but those institutions seek buyers. A few hours in time, or a fraction of a cent on the pound or the yard, in price or in freight, would cause buyers to turn aside from Paris and seek Salem. Men buy where they can buy cheapest. They can buy cheapest where goods can be most conveniently laid down, and at centres where transportation is cheapest and best. Could Boston sell or send out the goods of other lands, or her own manufactures, with a fractional saving on prices or freights or time, she might close and keep closed every theatre and bar-room from Roxbury line to East Boston Ferry, and yet her streets would swarm with customers. Until she can do so, she may as well preserve her morality, for its sacrifice will fit no way benefit her trade.

He shows how Chicago has flourished by developing her communication. So must Boston. Let her rulers cease from the evil they are now so anxious to do, and learn to do well.

The Whittier of Italy is brought out by Mr. Howells in a paper on Francesco Dall' Ongaro, a patriot poet. This poem is adapted not to Italy alone, but in its first stanza to all peoples and all times.

"WILLING OR LOATH."

"Willing or loath, the flames to heaven tend,
Willing or loath, the waters downward flow,
Willing or loath, when lightning strokes descend,
Crumbles the cliff, and the tower's crest sinks low;
Willing or loath, by the same laws that send
Onward the earth and sun, the people go.

"And thou, successor of Saint Peter, thou
Wilt stop the sun and turn us backward now?
Look thou to ruling Holy Church, for we
Willing or loath fulfill our destiny;
Willing or loath, in Rome at last we meet!
We will not perish at the mountain's feet."

Jonathan Swift has at last found a friend. Certainly no more novel or better client for a litterateur is there than Swift. Every other disputed character has had defenders, Sterne, Bacon, Wordsworth, Byron, but Swift has been hit again and again because he had no friends. Perhaps this was a just punishment, as he was not sparing in his blows. But it is time some voice was raised in his favor. Mr. Hills is an admirable reviewer. His Charles Lamb was the best paper in the last year's *North American*; this so far leads this volume. Full of learning, wit and wisdom, it shows the dean in his best light, and defends him as a sad-hearted, sound-minded, fierce-hating, true man.—Lowell discourses largely and learnedly of Witchcraft. It has less of his usual *Curiosa felicitas*, but more than usual of broad and massive generalization. He refuses to follow Lecky, and charge this belief on Christianity, though he fails to show as he might how Christianity alone has opposed it

and outgrown it. He also defends New England, showing that the excitement here proves its advance of public sentiment in all the world, and that the legal suppression of witchcraft was here first abandoned. He adds these apt words, which, however, well illustrate the truth that Christianity is not the mother of superstition—modern witchcraft being the bitterest foe of Christianity, and hand in glove with modern skepticism for her overthrow.

If this old ghost be fading away in what we regard as the dawn of a better day, we may console ourselves by thinking that perhaps, after all, we are not so much wiser than our ancestors. The rappings, the trance mediums, the visions of hands without bodies, the sounding of musical instruments without visible fingers, the miraculous inscriptions on the naked flesh, the enlivenment of furniture,—we have invented none of them, they are all heirlooms. There is surely room for yet another schoolmaster, when a score of seers advertise themselves in Boston newspapers.

Governor Andrew as Governor and in his personal character is well and truly sketched by A. J. Browne, jr.—The Book Notices are getting more and more Westminsterish. Concerning Dr. Peabody's truthful statement that Stuart Mill differs from the other atheists in that he superciliously permits God to be, but shorn of his Godhead, it says: "Nothing could be conceived more remote from the spirit of Mr. Mill's real opinions," and yet, this is Mr. Mill's whole theory as found in his review of Hamilton, vol. 1. p. 48, et seq. "The doctrine," he says, "that we have an immediate and intuitive knowledge of God I consider to be false metaphysics, involving a false conception of the nature and limits of the human faculty, and grounded on a superficial and erroneous psychology." All through his works he denies any apprehension of God directly, and any power of God directly on men or the universe.—Peabody's appeal to experience as a basis of cognition, it denies. Mahon's theology is of course snubbed in attempted sarcasm; Curtis' Colensoism is patted and praised. "In substance his view is not unlike that of Theodore Parker." The church is made to bear the burden of this infidelity because this writer still continues in the Baptist communion. Till that church expel him, it cannot blame the British Church for delaying to remove Colenso. Mill and Froude are also commended, mainly for their skeptical qualities, while the Puritan Johnson, the author of *Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Saviour* in New England, an elegant edition of which is just issued by Mr. Draper, thoroughly edited by Wm. F. Poole, of the Athenæum, is sneered at because "his whole soul seems to have been pervaded with the magnitude of the scheme to be wrought out by the Puritans of Massachusetts." He regarded them as God's chosen people. Surely this quarterly ought to recognize this sublime faith in a pious captain in the wilderness on the edge of Boston Bay two hundred years ago, if it looks at America to-day. But infidelity far quicker than faith will make a son stone his father. The book papers offset the body of the work, and show how intense and marked is the impiety of the junior editor; how narrow is his means, how low his aim. *The Radical* is smarter and no more profane.

The Congregational Quarterly for January is a very interesting number. It has papers by Rev. Mr. Cushing on *The Methods of the Spirit*, by Prof. Park on *Poole's Johnson's Early New England*, and the Minutes of the Congregational Church for 1867. Of their pastors we have given the statistics before. Whole amount of benevolent moneys for all objects, \$1,034,332.87; of this Massachusetts gave \$315,321.72, Maine \$38,012.00, New Hampshire \$46,532.82, Vermont \$43,996.07, Connecticut \$226,857.01, New York \$88,101, and all the West, which boasts a little in *The Advance* that it is the centre of this body, only \$115,416.02, or but little more than one tenth of the whole amount. Ninety-four missionaries belong to this church in the service of the American Board. The Minutes are not perfect, but under the labors of the indefatigable editors, Messrs. Quint and Langworthy, are getting into very good Methodist shape, and give evidence of a prosperous church.

The Sabbath at Home for January is a very excellent number. Prof. Gage and other writers make it one of the best of magazines.

Putnam's for February is as handsome and lively as its predecessor. A fine head of Halleck adorns its frontispiece. Broadway is put into verse, quite spiritual and poetical, considering its subject. Dante is well discussed. Fenimore Cooper's diary brings out some interesting European incidents, especially with Lafayette. A talk with our next President is adapted like Ayer's Almanac for any latitude or candidate. It tells some plain truths, and will be useful to Grant, Chase, Butler, Douglass, or whoever shall win that crown. Good stories make up the balance of a good number.

The American Edition of Smith's Dictionary, Hurd & Houghton, Part VII., carries forward Messrs. Hackett & Abbot's edition. It is one of the best of the many in the market.

Blackwood for December opens with a wail for the State Church. It fears that the fall of the Irish Church Establishment will overthrow the Scottish, and that will tumble down the central English system. Of these the first two are the most absurd in the world; being the smallest of fractional bodies in States almost unanimously opposed to them. It tries to make the Broad Church basis a common foothold for the Establishment, and thinks that the Lows and the Highs will have to surrender, or the edifice will come down. Compromise is as impossible in Church as in State, and England will have to get along without her church system, and be all the more religious and Christian when it ceases to be. "The Conversion of England," is a good historic article. Stories, poetry, and Cornelius O'Dowd complete a superior number.

Harpers is very lively. The boys' bubbles in its frontispiece never were more numerous, big or rosy. Personal Recollections of the War is a pleasant sketch of immortal deeds. What would we not give for such pictures and portraits of the Revolution! Summer on the Plains is well pictured. Gov. Andrew better penned than penciled. The portrait is very bad; the sketch very good, except it makes him too religious. He was not so devout as he was charitable. It says truly that "Brother Andrew loved to go to Father Taylor's meeting," but slips a little when it speaks of "the colored Methodist

Church of which Bro. Grimes was pastor;" that happens to be a Baptist Church. It is probably from the pen of James Freeman Clarke, as it concludes with his remark at his funeral about his reception into heaven, neatly finished, with the reference to Mr. Parker left out, though this is offset by his defense of Mr. Parker as a Christian minister; an argument that had better been omitted.

The Riverside opens with a superb engraving of the moon, and a full paper on the picture. The Young Virginians, Griselda Goose, Hunter and Tom, by Jacob Abbot, Little Louis' Sayings and Doings, Ahnslee's Valentine, and "lots more," make up a very fine number. Every boy and girl of any age should have it. Five dollars and two new subscribers for *THE HERALD* is all you need to send us to get it for a year for nothing.

Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Napoleon and Blucher, an Historical Novel. By L. Muhlbach. New York: Appletons.

North American Review for January.

Duff's Book-Keeping. New York: Harpers.

Playing for High Stakes, a Novel. By Annie Thomas. New York: Harpers.

Bibliotheca Sacra for January, 1868.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for January, 1868.

History of the United Netherlands, &c. By J. L. Motley, D.C.L. New York: Harpers.

Stories of the Gorilla Country, narrated for Young People. By Paul Du Chailu. Illustrated. New York: Harpers.

Woman's Wrongs. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Personal History of David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Putnam's for February.

The Radical for January.

The Baptist Quarterly for January.

Life and Letters of Wilber Deight. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A Suggestive Commentary on St. Luke. By Rev. W. H. Van Deusen. 2 Vols. New York: Appletons. For sale by Nichols & Noyes.

Count Mirabeau. By Theodore Mundt. Illustrated. New York: Appletons.

The Ladies' Friend for February.

Harpers' Magazine for February.

New Music. By Dison, Boston. Farewell, Angel Willie, She Woke that Morn in Heaven, Lotta Polka, Gather Flowers in the Summer Time, Robin and the Cricket.

An Old Man's Prayer. By George M. Baker. Illustrated by Hammett Billings. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Seek and Find; or, The Adventures of a Small Boy. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Chambers' Encyclopedia. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 1868.

The Monthly Religious Magazine for January.

The Story of My Childhood. By Madam J. Michelet. Boston: Little & Brown.

Newman Hall in America. Reported by William Anderson. For sale by the New York News Company.

Glimpses of Life in Soul Saving. Selections from the Writings of Rev. James Caughey. With an Introduction by Rev. D. Wise, D.D. New York: W. C. Palmer.

Arrows from My Quiver. By Rev. James Caughey. Introduction by Rev. Daniel Wise, D.D. New York: W. C. Palmer.

A Journey in Brazil. By Prof. and Mrs. Louis Agassiz. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Ward's Novels. The Monastery and The Antiquary. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Military History of U. S. Grant. New York: Appletons. For sale by Nichols & Noyes.

American Notes. Dickens. New York: Appletons.

Barnaby Rudge. Diamond Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Silvate of Silvates. A Novel. By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

PERSONAL.

Col. Munroe Nichols died at St. Paul's, Jan. 17th, aged 37 years. He was a student at Wilbraham and Middletown, graduating with the highest honors in 1857. He recruited a company for the 18th Conn., and was mustered in as Lieut. Col. He was in the Peninsular campaign, at the battle of Winchester, and a prisoner in the Libby for nine months. His health broke down and never rallied. He settled in St. Paul's, but sank under debility, and died another victim of the starvation cruelties of Jefferson Davis. *The St. Paul Pioneer* thus speaks of his character and end:

Col. Nichols was a man of piety—having been for years a member of the Methodist Church—and his last hours were peaceful and calm, as becomes a Christian soldier. He was "sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust in Heaven," and said he was prepared to meet the summons. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his untimely death.

Col. Nichols was a man of more than ordinary ability. Those who have heard him speak here—though it was but seldom he did since his residence in this city—were always entertained by his graceful, spirited oratory, his clear, sensible, logical style of thought and expression. He was once elected to the Connecticut Legislature, while residing in that State, and when he removed, was strongly spoken of as the nominee for Congress in his district.

The Rev. W. D. Bridge, of the N. E. Conference, and Ex-Chancellor O. S. Halsted, of Newark, N. J. are conducting a philological discussion on the Biblical terms, "Devil and Devils," in *The Herald of Life*.

Rev. Moses C. White, formerly one of our missionaries to China, is Professor of Pathology and Microscopy in Yale Medical School. He is the right man in the right place, but will be in a righter one when Middletown or Boston shall have a medical school filiated with a University. How long is it to be before the hundreds of Methodist students of the arts, applied science, mining, medicine and law have facilities for pursuing their studies under the patronage of their own church? O how long!

Rev. Dr. Durbin, who fell lately and broke his arm, is rapidly recovering.

J. Russell Lowell must have smiled very audibly had he seen his tender little poem, entitled "The First Snow Fall," in a late number of an exchange printed, "The First Snow Ball."

Wm. B. Bradbury, the well known Sunday School music writer, died on the 7th. He was born in York County, Maine, in 1816. His young life was one of struggle. He early developed musical taste, and cultivated the talent out of business hours. At the age of seventeen he decided to devote himself wholly to music. Five days before his death, he was in an ecstasy of delight, which continued till consciousness was gone. He often said, "If my joy does not continue, I will not forget what comfort I have enjoyed." On Monday he wished to hear again the two last chapters of Revelation, when he exclaimed, "What have I done that I should have such delightful assurance and comfort! How good my heavenly Father is!"

THE HOME TABLE.

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost is a wonderful artist indeed:
Builds castles with breath on the smooth-surfaced glass;
Leaves flowers wherever his bright foot doth tread,
And spreads a white carpet all over the grass.
He climbs to the top of the tall forest tree,
And crowns it with gems when the green leaves are gone.
Poor lovers of beauty and wonder are we
If we prize not his work, so tastefully done.
He breathes on the wind-dimpled streamlet, and lo!
A bright shield of silver gleams on its soft breast!
Across the broad river his arms he doth throw,
And its fast-flowing waters are hushed into rest.
Fantastic and strange are the pictures he draws,
With a pencil of beauty, wherever he goes.
Who'd seek in his works to find out any flaws,
Would try to improve the warm tint of the rose.
The spots unadorned yet by Beauty divine,
His fingers so nimble, so skilful and free,
Move over, and quickly with jewels they shine,
And look fair, as we dream elfin bowers to be.
I love him, although from a bow that's unseen
He lets loose his swift-winged arrows of sleet,
As I cross the wide heath—their sting, sharp and keen,
But renders my cot, when I reach it, more sweet.
He comes to my garden, where Robin sings sweet
On the fence that is covered with roses in spring,
And makes it a palace of crystal complete,
Where fairies might dance in a jewel-wave ring.
His leeches fringing the bucket all worn,
That stands on the brink of the old woodland well,
Look brighter than dew-drops upon a May morn,
That gleam in the roses that grow in the dell.
Then come, O Jack Frost, from thy bleak northern home,
Thou beautiful jewel-robed wandering sprite;
Show thy skill on the windows of my little room,
And spread o'er the meadows thy carpet of white.
—Chambers's Journal.

BABY TERRORS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"She is such a skittish little thing!" said a mother who had just left her little child in bed in a dark room, all unmoved by the piteous sobs and entreaties of the timid wee one. "I must break her of it, or she will be afraid of her shadow in the daytime soon."

The child's stifled cries were plainly heard in the light, cosy sitting-room, where the older members of the family were enjoying themselves. Their continuance fretted the mother, and she soon threw down her work and rose to leave the room.

"I shall have to punish her," she said impatiently, "and I might as well do it at once, and stop her crying."

"Wait a moment, Ada," said her husband. "Do you think it will lessen her fears if you inspire a greater fear of yourself?"

"But what can I do? We cannot have her screaming like that every night."

"No. But we can leave her a light every night until she falls asleep. If her fears have nothing to feed upon she will forget them, outgrow them. Think of yourself in mortal terror with no refuge to flee to. I do not wonder that God takes so many of the little ones to his own bosom. They have a hard time of it here."

The mother said nothing in reply, but her voice was soon heard in the child's room, soothing it with pet names, and hushing its fears. God had already taken two of her darlings to himself.

I went home from this little scene, and sat down to think. I had been a timid child once, and I knew all about it. I too was afraid to go to bed in the dark. It was terrible for me, a little tow-headed girl, to lie there all alone in the blackness, which I felt sure was twisting itself into all sorts of horrible shapes, only I did not dare to open my eyes to see it. I used to say my prayers over and over again to make sure of them.

"If I should die before I wake"

had a fearful significance, for all the chances seemed against my being found alive in the morning. When, years after, I had the care of a little girl, you may believe that she did not go to bed in the dark.

It is strange that grown up people will take pains to frighten children. I could not have been more than seven years old when I was taken to see the rigid, ghastly features of a dead man. I had been his pet, and had only pleasant associations connected with him, but the thought of him has been a sort of nightmare ever since. It is a cruel, cruel act to lift up a little child to look on a dead face in a coffin. I never see it done without a shudder. Because the child cannot understand the mystery of death. He does not know that the loving smiles and pleasant words that made his friend so dear, were not of the flesh, but of the spirit, and that the separation of the two is the beginning of a new life for the departed. Little ones are often placed foremost in the circle round their mother's grave, so as to make them sure that she is really buried in a dark hole in the ground. And then the little one is told that he too must die, and be buried, and that he can't get away from it now. Grown people fasten their terrors upon babies, and are not ashamed of themselves for doing it.

I remember very well how frightened I was after hearing my first ghost story. I believed every word of it. It described a ghost with white eyes looking in at a dark window at night. It had looked in upon a neighbor of ours three times. She seemed to enjoy telling me about it, laying down her knitting, and taking a monstrous pinch of snuff as a relish. Well, I suppose it was as much as ten years after that before I dared to look towards a window in a dark room for fear that I should see that face with its white eyes. Ah, how easy it is to darken the innocent imagination of childhood! But it is very heartless work. My flesh creeps now as I recall how an old woman told me of a beautiful young girl who was stolen from her grave, "and biled and made into a 'natomy.'" Thereafter all doctors seemed to me to be monsters of wickedness. I used to run away and hide if our doctor's old sulky was seen coming down the street. When he vaccinated me, I knew by his hold upon my arm that he was longing to string my bones together for a new 'natomy.'

I had one fear which, so far as I know, is not common to children nowadays. For some act of disobedience, my mother made me learn this terrible text of scripture, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

For years I was sure that the ravens were looking me up. The glancing wing of any bird in the air would make me cover my eyes in a moment. A great eagle was shot in the neighborhood, and everybody went to see it as a curiosity, but I knew its errand, and trembled to think of my narrow escape. A sudden attack from a cross mother-hen, whose brood I had unwittingly disturbed, made me question whether she had not been appointed to the vacant mission of the eagle.

I pity little children who have a slavish fear of their parents. And O what a sad future such parents are preparing for themselves!

I look into some homes and I see the old father or mother sitting silently in the corner, fenced off from all the living sympathies around them. Their own children would be glad if they were dead. And I know without asking that those children, when they were young and their hearts were tender, were ruled by fear, not love. Love does not change. Time only gives it added strength. If it had been fostered in the little heart, it would, in its turn, bless the feebleness of age, the second childhood of its object.

Not long ago I saw a delicate child thrust aside with harsh words as she came timidly to her busy mother's knee. She was a winsome little thing, scarcely three years old; a little, doll for beauty; a little rose for sweetness. "You are forever in the way," said the hurried and impatient mother. Alas! when the evil day shall come, as it must, will not that mother's heart yearn for the love that she is crushing out of the little child's nature now? In a friend's house I once saw seven children, all "so quiet that you would not know there was a child in the house." They sat in sullen silence, believing, however, like little ladies and gentlemen when the mother's eye was on them; but scowling at each other, and at her too, whenever her back was turned.

There was fear in that quiet home, but no love. Those children will never rise up and called their mother blessed. They will get away from the home roof-tree as soon as they can. They will not care for each other. They will be glad to be as strangers as soon as they are old enough to separate. If they should travel the world over they will find no persons so far removed from them as their own brethren according to the flesh.

O, the blessed little children who bask in the happy love of a warm home-nest!

The Saviour did not frighten and repel the wee ones. He took them up in his arms and blessed them. Ah, let us try to make the paths of life easy and pleasant for the tread of little feet! Let perfect love cast out fear.

HE HAS NO MOTHER.

Sitting one day in the school-room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word; Willie has no mother." The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie" compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother." Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him, then.

THE NEWSPAPER.—A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA, NO. 5.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 9, 37, 43, 19, 46, 1, 26, 15, 31, 6, 16, 22, 8, was a custom in ancient times.

My 41, 20, 38, 18, 23, 29, 1, 11, 30, is what the Bible is.

My 5, 24, 43, 35, 15, 32, is what some people are.

My 4, 21, 3, 37, is a metal.

My 28, 2, 12, 40, 24, 44, 27, 45, 17, I would not like to be.

My 36, 10, 34, 7, 45, are always passing.

My 42, 39, 3, 33, 11, 14, is sin.

L. J. CHANDLER.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 4.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

FROM HERE AND THERE.

A WINTER MORNING.—Pater-familias bestirring himself at sunrise, scratches a little hole through the frost-work upon the window, and looks out. There is a world of snow upon the lawn, and upon the fir-bows, and upon the rooflets of every gateway and arbor; even the twigs of the maples carry their narrow burden, and the rosy light of the new risen sun puts the whole scene aglow. No thoughts obtrude of decayed and over-crowded horse-cars, of weary tramp over neglected sidewalks. Already the pet Alderney has broken her path to the spring in the meadow, and the twin calves are snuffing and pawing at the strange spectacle of the snow. The doves are alight upon the stones at the edge of the fountain, and are cooing and billing in the low slanted sunlight, as if the whole white covering of ground and tree were only a bridal decoration. Upon some bit of high-road gleaming through, under the loaded trees, there is a long trail of oxen, coiling down the hills; a half-dozen stalwart neighbors, each with his team and his goad, are breaking the path and breaking the silence with a muffled murmur of speech and laughter. Pat, too, near by, is shovelling briskly at the footways, and a lone sparrow or two catching sight of the welcome gravel, came twittering to their old forage-ground.—*Id. Marvel.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF LUTHER.—Men of Luther's stature are like the violent forces of Nature herself,—terrible when roused; and in repose, majestic and beautiful. Of vanity he had not a trace. "Do not call yourselves Lutherans," he said; "call yourselves Christians. Who and what is Luther? Has Luther been crucified for the world?" I mentioned his love of music. His songs and hymns were the expression of the very inmost heart of the German peoples. "Music," he called "the grandest and sweetest gift of God to man." "Satan hates music," he said; "he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us." He was extremely interested in all natural things. Before the science of botany was dreamt of, Luther had divined the principles of vegetable life. "The principle of marriage runs through all creation," he said; "and flowers as well as animals are male and female." A garden called out bursts of eloquence from him; beautiful, sometimes, as a finished piece of poetry.—*Froude's Short Studies.*

AN INCORRUPTIBLE CROWN.—A French officer, who was a prisoner upon his parole at Reading, met with a Bible; he read it, and was so impressed with its contents that he was convinced of the folly of skeptical principles, and of the truths of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said in his vindication, "I have done no more than my old school-fellow, Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown." "My motive," said the Christian officer, "is the same; we only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden; mine is to obtain a crown in heaven."

"WHAT JESUS DID FOR ME."—We may learn a profitable lesson from the poor Indian in his wilderness home who, when asked what the Lord had done for him, gathered some dry leaves into a circle, and, placing a worm in the centre, set them on fire. As the flames drew nearer on every side, and were about to consume the worm, he lifted it out, and placing it safely on a rock, looked up and said, "This is what Jesus did for me." O for like simplicity and faith, that we may feel that, if saved, it must be by no works of our own, but by the Omnipotent hand, which alone can rescue us from the everlasting flames and place us safely on the rock—Christ Jesus.

CHARLES LAMB says: "Of all sounds of all bells most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve-month; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies."

WINTER.—Here comes Winter, savage as when he met the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Indian all over, with his staff and naked splintery hemlock, his robe torn from the backs of bears and bison, and fringed with wampum of rattling icicles, turning the ground he treads to ringing iron, and, like a mighty sower casting his snow far and wide, over all hills and valleys and plains.—*Holmes.*

It is said that, during the recent restoration of a church in Brighton, occupied by the advanced Ritualists, one of the workmen employed, ascending the pulpit, exclaimed, "I publish the banns of matrimony between this Church and the Church of Rome." "And, I," said another artisan, turning toward the first speaker, "forbid the banns." "On what ground?" inquired he of the pulpit. "Cos the parties is too near akin," was the reply.

"The heart has its reasons which the reason does not comprehend."—*Pascal.*

The Herald.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

"To you that believe He is precious," says the most ardent of the apostles, in his advancing age, as he sees the hour drawing near when others shall gird and carry him whither he would not. Not for himself alone does he utter this consoling word; nor as a matter of debate or dispute, but to all believers, and as an expression of experience. He simply gives language to a state of soul; the life that God has implanted through Christ in natures otherwise dead in sin. He speaks in no dogmatic or scholastic manner, but as a confidant to confidants, "To you that believe He is precious."

The world had then heard much of this Jesus. It has heard no less since. Then he was preached as a Saviour, as the Son of God, as one who had been executed by the Roman Government, and had risen from the dead; who was able to save from their sins and their sinning all who should put their trust in him. But the world then and since was not content with this declaration. For it was a sword that pierced their own souls. It not only set him forth as a Prince and Saviour, but declared that on the reception of Him as such alone hung their chance for eternal salvation. If they refused him, they could not become heirs of God—possessors of a blessed immortality. Nay, if they rejected him, they did it from the impulses of a corrupt nature and of diabolic temptation, which, if persisted in, would ensure their eternal banishment from the blissful presence of God, and the glory of his power. That word of truth maddened as many as it humbled. The latter, broken with sorrow for their sins, received him as their God and Saviour; the former gnashed on him with their teeth, and openly or subtly, coarsely or nicely, flatteringly or foully, assailed his claims, his doctrines, his discipleship. Such has been the warfare to this day. Never more so than at this day.

But now as of old to the believer He is precious. They know nothing of disputes and brawls. They believe on Him with all their heart, and enter into life and joy and peace. It is said of Burke that however fierce the storm of party and controversy rose against him, he found in his wife and home a changeless summer of love and calm. So is it with every true love. It is not questioning, it is confiding. Preëminently is this the law of Christian life. No debates as to the nature or mission of Christ are ever heard in the inner circle where he dwells with his disciples. How incongruous would sound in a love feast, a class meeting, a conference of prayer and praise, a voice that proposed to consider whether this was the very Christ; that proceeded to discriminate, after the fashion of the Infidel Radical, between Jesus and Christ; that questioned the nature, or degree of the atonement, inspiration, divinity of Christ, or other fundamental doctrines of faith. The very suggestion that these themes were debatable would show how discordant it was with the spirit of the hour.

This is consistent with lesser loves, with all love. Love is the most imperious of lords. It allows no dispute, no rival, no coolness, no variableness, no shadow of turning. Jealousy is but the natural flame of offended love. Its fires are the equal and counterpart of the confiding passion. It burns as does that with a consuming fire. Love gives and demands the whole soul.

So does Christ, the Divine Lover, give himself to his beloved. So does he demand that his beloved shall give himself to him. No questions are to be asked or conceived. The whole soul of the redeemed falls consciously and completely into the whole soul of the Redeemer.

To him in such a state how precious is his Lord and Lover. How he dotes on Him, how he longs to see Him, to hear His voice, to feel His arms of love about him, to rest his weary head on His sympathizing breast, to look into His eyes, burning with love, with eyes that speak again. How he delights in the sense of this companionship, this oneness of being and blessing, and is supremely happy in the feeling that death hath no dominion over it. Nay, that death only ensures it a greater fullness, that it is as marriage to betrothed ones—the consummation of felicity.

This holy passion of love is the highest, the only real expression of Christian experience. It finds utterance from end to end of the Book of God. It is the breathing of David, Solomon, Paul and John. It is the prayer and discourse of Christ. It has carried multitudes through bloodiest deaths,

"Who clasp the stake with a light laugh,
And wrap their burning robes round, praising God."

It has blossomed into the most passionate poetry. No lover's dictionary contains such vehement longings,

such sweeps of infinite and inexpressible longing and exhausting devotion as the hymns of the church. "Maud" is bloodless by the side of the Song of songs; Romeo and Juliet tame when compared with David's sacred pinings. The hymns of the fathers, John of Damascus, Gregory, Ambrose and Bernard, "O mother, dear Jerusalem," a sighing of the sick heart for its lover, that has sprung up in so many places that its authorship is untraceable, the hallelujahs of Watts and Wesley, whose

"O love divine, how sweet thou art,"

is but a motto for them all, the Catholic cries of Faber and Adelaide Proctor, the Puritan pleadings of Bonar, the Methodist exultations and lovesick fullness of multitudinous hymns, which cold bloods nickname, but devout hearts delight in, such as

"O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight;"

or

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;"

these all are but the same expression of a single law—"To you that believe He is precious."

What cares the soul in such hours of the storms of debate or hate that rage without? What if Rénan declares him to be a weak, conceited man; or Parker says he is a Fetish; or Frothingham pronounces him a double-headed monster, half man, half idol; or Towne says he is a new god for Barnum to show up at a quarter a sight; or others less profane, but hardly less doubtful, despise his being and his blessing? "Shut in by the tumultuous privacy" of this storm, while these blinded Sodomites vainly grope for the door of entrance, not that they may worship but slay him, the heart of the believer rests with ineffable sweetness in the abundant fullness of his love.

How precious he is, only death, only eternity can tell. Is he thus to you the one, and the only one altogether lovely? Can you say, "There is none in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee?" Can you say, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but thou art the strength of my heart and my portion forever?" O the blessedness of this bliss! Enter into it. Love him because he first loved you. Love is the key of all mysteries; the life upspringing, everflooding forever and ever. May every soul feel this sacred fullness of holy passion and delight, and find all sins and doubts and fears swallowed up in

"All the silent heaven of love."

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

One of the strangest things of our time is the existence of a bitter quarrel between England (or Great Britain) and Ireland. This quarrel is a disagreeable inheritance from the middle part of the Middle Ages. It began seven centuries ago, A.D. 1169, and it has survived almost everything that existed when its first fight took place. There were many other quarrels then in flourishing circumstances in Europe, but they have been unknown for centuries, while that between England and Ireland is far more fierce now than it was in the days of Henry II. of England and Dermot of Leinster. Then the Mahometans held much of Spain, and the Christians were engaged in carrying on a constant crusade against them; but all Spain has belonged to Christendom for almost four hundred years. Northern France and Southern France then formed entirely different countries, and the Albigensian struggle, which proved so fatal to the latter, was yet to occur; but now Southern France has more of the peculiar French character than belongs to Northern France. There were two hostile camps in England proper, the English camp, composed of descendants of men who had lived in the island for many generations, and of foreigners commonly called Normans, but who were in fact interlopers from many lands,—*colluries omnium gentium*, as the Roman historian said of the army of Hannibal; but the bitter quarrel between Englishmen and Normans ceased out of the island five hundred years ago, and Sir Walter Scott opened a placid in the world of romance when he brought Saxons and Normans before the world in "Ivanhoe," which placid Augustin Thierry worked out in full in his book on the conquest of England by the Normans. Between England and Wales hot wars long were waged; but now Wales is as much a part of England as Yorkshire or Somerset. How bitter, and through how many generations, England and Scotland pursued the unprofitable business of cutting throats, are things known from a thousand volumes of fact and fiction, of poetry and prose, often the productions of great geniuses; but Scotland is now indissolubly united to England, and the British rule is as closely observed in Dumfriesshire as in Devonshire, in Caithness as in Cornwall. For more than a thousand years the Highlanders of Scotland carried on war against the Lowlanders; but now the Highlanders are as orderly and moral a people as live on earth, and no more would think of driving a spear than they

would of rising in arms to restore the house of Stuart. That fearful warfare, which has furnished so many strange chapters to the history of slavery, which raged between the Christians of numerous countries and the States of Barbary, is now as little known as battles between the Gauls and the Romans. All is changed,—all but the ancient, undying contest between the Irish and "the Saxon," which to-day is giving about as much trouble to England under Victoria as it gave to England under Elizabeth, and which was a venerable, moss-grown contest when Elizabeth began to reign, in 1558.

There are several reasons why this quarrel has been kept so long alive, and why a monarch of the Hanoverian line should be troubled because of what was done by the first monarch of that Angerine line which, for convenience' sake, we call the House of Plantagenet. There is a connection between all historical events, but generally the lines of connection become so thin and attenuated that it requires a marvelous development of the historic faculty to see them; but in regard to this Anglo-Irish matter, the connecting line is as palpable as the Atlantic cable itself. It is a cable that connects the past and the present, and it is twisted of the three strands of race, of religion, and of property, the three things that ever have, and ever will have, the greatest effect on the human mind. It was a little more than a century after the battle of Hastings that the ruling race in England, the so-called Normans, were invited into Ireland, by an Irishman, Dermot Mac-Murghard, King of Leinster, though before that time Henry II. had contemplated the conquest of the island, and had received permission from the Pope (Adrian IV., who, by the way, was an Englishman of the Saxon race, named Breakspear), to invade and subdue it. Had Ireland been invaded at that time, and thoroughly conquered, probably it would have become as satisfied with its new condition as England became with hers under the Angerine kings. But Ireland never was conquered. She was simply harassed, annoyed, distressed, and plundered, and repeatedly harried, so that her people never knew what it was to be at peace. One effect of this singular condition of things was to strengthen the old social system, which was supported by patriotic feeling, because it was abhorred by the English,—just as centuries later, the Irish attachment to Catholicism was strengthened by the circumstance that England was the chief country on the side of the Reformation. It was patriotic, in the one instance, to adhere to modes of life that were dying out everywhere else, because their existence was identified with opposition to England; and in the other, it was equally patriotic to adhere to the Papal side, because England was the Pope's chief enemy. Instead of conquering Ireland, the invaders of that country from England were conquered by the Irish. As the Greeks took their Roman conquerors captive, so did the Irish make captives of most of the foreign intruders. Parodying a saying of Tacitus with regard to his countrymen and the Germans, it was observed of those invaders who established themselves in Ireland, that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. There would seem to be something in the air and the soil of Ireland that has a plain and visible effect on all who breathe the one and live on the other; and the most intensified "Saxons" who there settle soon are thoroughly Hibernianized. Take their Protestantism from them, and the Orangemen are not to be distinguished from their Catholic countrymen, whom they refuse to regard as fellow subjects, and whom they would treat, if they could, as the Dorian Spartans treated the Helots. It is but a year or so since Irish Protestants, the most advanced of the advanced Orangemen, were talking as hotly of resistance to England, because of some purposed regulation of hers in regard to the rinderpest, as ever talked the men of Connaught. This is the main reason why England and Ireland cannot get along together. The two countries are totally unlike, and the English who go thither become as un-English as the natives.

From the time that the Anglo-Normans first entered Ireland to the throwing off of the Papal yoke in England, more than three centuries and a half elapsed; and during most of that time Ireland was in as bad a state as ever it was at any period after the breaking out of that course of events which is specifically known as the Reformation. More than once it seemed that Ireland had been conquered by the English; but soon the English rule would be restricted to the English Pale, and the Pale itself would be reduced to the smallest proportions. Of course there were bitter quarrels among the Irish themselves, faction fights on the grandest scale; and but for these the English never could have accomplished anything in the island. The English, too, had their quarrels. Whenever and wherever the Anglo-Irish were in the ascendant, they were cruel and rapacious beyond the wildest limits of barbarism. The Irish were so treated that all that was evil in their nature could not fail to be encouraged, while all that was good in

their nature was discouraged and repressed. Had the intrusive race thoroughly subdued the island, and set up their own forms of government and civilization, they would have been interested in the well-being of the Irish people; but as matters were, Ireland was to England only a country to be plundered; and it could be plundered only through the exercise of the most flagitious tyranny. English legislation sought to tantalize Ireland—and succeeded.

That history reproduces itself is an old observation, and almost as ancient is the criticism that the observation is absurd, and the assertion that it does not reproduce itself. Whichever view is correct, as a rule, it is certain that the annals of Ireland favor the observation cited. Within living memory the Irish looked to the French Republic for aid against England, the two countries being at war. A century earlier they had looked to the French more surely for aid, Louis XIV. and William III. being engaged in hostilities. In the sixteenth century they expected that Philip II., who was at the head of the great Spanish empire, would be their deliverer. Going back two centuries and a half farther, we find them relying upon Scotland and Robert Bruce for assistance. Scotland had established herself, and become a nation, and Bruce was then wearing the fresh and abundant laurels of Bannockburn. The Irish desired to have his brother Edward for their king. The Scotch invaded Ireland, and won great victories there; but Edward Bruce was finally defeated and slain. This occurred just five hundred and fifty years ago, in 1318, the Irish having their usual ill fortune. It is remarkable that many descendants of the Anglo-Normans joined the invading Scotch and the natives, just as, in after times, they joined the natives and the Spaniards, and then the natives alone, and then the natives and the French,—but all in vain. Irish history does reproduce itself; and as the Irish Fenians are now looking to America for aid, it is as certain as anything that has not taken place well can be, that if such aid were sent them, it would prove as useless as that which was sent to Ireland from Scotland, from Spain and from France. It might help injure the English, but it would do the Irish no good.

The Anglo-Norman invasion brought war, rapine, and confiscation upon Ireland, and it stopped the work of civilization, but invaders and invaded were of the same faith, and their savage quarrels did not include religious differences among their causes and their aggravations. Race and property were affected by the conquest of Ireland, or what was so called, but in Christendom there was but one church that appeared before the world, and that church had sided with the oppressors of the Irish. An observer of nations in (say) 1534 hardly would have ventured to assert that in the vehement conflict then beginning, the Irish would be found the most vehement of all the supporters of the Papacy, considering the part Rome had taken against them. It seemed unnatural that the most western of European communities should become the most devoted adherents of the Southern faith. Yet so it was to be. Ireland was to be made, or would make of herself, a far-advanced Roman fortress—an outpost of Romanism lying far beyond the boundaries of European Protestantism. The effect of this was great, as it helped keep up a quarrel for ten generations longer that already had raged for eleven generations because fed by considerations of race and property. But we must postpone our remarks thereon, reserving them for another article, the present being as much perhaps as the reader cares to have at one sitting.

SHALL THE LAST BARRIER FALL?

The many bulwarks of caste that have fallen before the force of events, or, more truly, the Spirit of God, within the last few years, encourage the friends of truth and right to make an effort to sweep away the last vestige of this sin. In the church this reform has advanced from step to step, till it meets with one sole opposition to its complete destruction. The brethren of Christ sit together in the congregations, kneel together at the altars, partake together of the Sacrament, preach from the same pulpit, mingle in the same Christian circle. At a union love feast in Grace Church, a week or two ago, as many of this once loathed and proscribed class spoke as of their whiter brethren and sisters, and all hearts were melted into a living, holy, joyful unity.

One barrier still remains,—our colored ministerial brethren have not yet been welcomed in our churches as regular pastors. They are warmly received and enjoyed as occasional preachers and revivalists, but they have never yet been recognized as regularly stationed ministers. Till this is done much remains undone. We cannot receive these churches into our communion unless we admit their ministers to our Conferences. We cannot freely invite or receive the latter, unless they can be as free to the stationing power as the rest of the itinerants. We are therefore met by a barrier that pre-

vents the immediate return of all this body of sympathizers to their old home. Could we treat their pastors like our other preachers, every difficulty would vanish.

We speak from much knowledge on this subject. Not less than three ministers of Zion's M. E. Church have lately expressed a desire to take their places in our regular ranks. They have gifts and graces, are admitted freely to our best pulpits, and would be easily stationed but for one impediment. The Conference brethren will be glad to receive them. Will our churches as gladly accept them as pastors? Rev. J. N. Mars, known and beloved throughout this and neighboring States, wishes to return to his old friends, and to resume his place in our Conference. Who will certify their desire to have him appointed to their church?

This is no trivial matter. There are over two hundred thousand Methodists in the two A. M. E. connections. As a body they are intelligent, pious, faithful disciples. They have a thousand ministers, among whom are some very superior preachers, who would rank high by the side of our present, or any clergy. These bodies are exerting a large influence in the South, and have not a few important churches in the North. By giving their clergy the right hand of fellowship, we bring this quarter of a million of Christian brethren into our fold. We close up every break in our ranks. We unite every loyal Methodist against the common enemy of Satan, Secession and Slavery. We stop the attempt of the Southern Church to draw off these brethren, by their anti-fraternal colored Conferences, into a sub-communion of their own. We do more than this. We please and honor our Father and Redeemer, who made us of one blood and redemption, and demands that we should be one even as He is one.

This work cannot be effected until this last wall of partition is broken down at home. New England must as ever lead in the new path. She must raise her sacred mace against this last idol, break it in pieces, and scatter its foul dust forever. She will do it. Brethren of any hue will be admitted by her Conferences, stationed by her Bishops, and accepted by her churches. Already has the first been done. Ere the next General Conference assemblies we pray and trust the last will be. We hope to see colored men receiving appointments with their white brethren at our next session.

Will not our churches express their willingness to cooperate in this most important duty? If any Quarterly Conference will say to their Presiding Elder, "Send us Bro. Mars, or Bro. Butler,"—an excellent and acceptable preacher, formerly stationed in this city, who would willingly join us,—or any other such brother; or if they will say, "If such an one is sent he will not be refused," the path is opened to the inevitable and glorious goal. Those churches will stand forth in our history crowned with chiefest honor. They will have the proudest record possible,—the leaders in the last assault and victory over this long dominant and accursed sin that has made Christians shun their own brethren in the Lord, and even refuse to honor as their guides those whom God has appointed over them. The New England Conference at its last session adopted, with almost entire unanimity, a report urging the churches to aid the preachers in consummating this most desired and imperative work. The hour draws near when this duty appears close before them. Will not our brethren embrace it? Will they not silence every enemy and lead the national movement by taking these brethren as their appointed pastors? Single churches in other communions have done so; but no body of churches have granted them the free range of their pulpits. That honor we can make ours. Let every church conspire in this blessed work. Let us sweep away this last dyke, and allow the boundless sea of divine love in God and Christ and the believer to flood every heart.

Wherever in any Conference there is a church of this order, let our neighboring churches and clergy invite it and its pastor to join our connection. At Boston, Providence, Portland, New Bedford, Springfield, Worcester, Hartford and other places, they are found. Take them to your arms. They are Christ's brothers and sisters. They are yours. Admit their preachers to the Conferences in whose bounds they are now stationed. Let us teach the church this only right way by walking in it ourselves. Let us show the folly of building separate houses for our members in Nashville, New Orleans and Richmond. Let us teach our Maryland brethren that they must come into one Conference and communion.

One deed is worth a thousand declarations. That deed must soon come. Shall it be here and now? Will our churches say, Our doors and arms are open to receive whomsoever the Bishop sends? We will honor any faithful minister, regardless of any complexion given him of God. That duty is at the door. This barrier, as wicked as that which States indulge in that refuse equal suffrage, must fall. God will help and honor and bless those by whom the death-blow is struck, and who thus lead and save, unite and upbuild their land and the

earth in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

THE GENERAL MINUTES for 1867 are just published by the Book Concern. It is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, full of statistics detailing the condition of the church, including also the names of all the traveling ministry. It is thus commended by Bishop Morris. His sermon needs no editorial exhortation to make it forcible or effective:

The mail of yesterday brought me a copy of the General Minutes of all the Conferences for 1867, which, in some particulars, excels all its predecessors. For this beautiful copy please accept my sincere thanks. I had been for two months longing for it, and often embarrassed in my official correspondence for want of it. Every minister in our extended connection should own a copy. A Methodist preacher without the General Minutes is like the captain of a ship without a chart. Whatever he has or has not in his library, let him see to it that he has the General Minutes every year as soon as out of press. If I were obliged to pay five dollars annually for the General Minutes, or do without them, I would not hesitate a moment to pay the five dollars. Allow me to add our local ministers and thousands of our intelligent laymen ought to buy them, at least enough to pay the expense of publication. I make no objection to local minutes; but is it not strange that brethren should feel content to know how the work progresses in only one Conference out of nearly seventy, when for \$1.50 they might learn the whole as well?

"THE CROWN OF NEW ENGLAND."—Mr. Geo. L. Brown's Prince of Wales picture is now on exhibition at Childs and Co's. It is by far the finest landscape ever hung on those walls. A richness of color such as Bierstadt does not attain, a fullness of color which Britcher does not equal, fills the landscape. The crown of England did well in purchasing the crown of New England. It ought to have recognized its merits by a more substantial present than a hundred pounds,—for the artist received not fifteen but only five hundred dollars,—while the broker got five hundred pounds, and a gift worth as much more. Every one that can should see this superb landscape.

A VERY neat pamphlet, entitled Manual of the Bibliothecan Fraternity of the Methodist Biblical General Institute, Third Triennial Re-union, gives a brief history of the Alumni of our Theological Seminary for the years 1837, '8 and '9. M. M. Parkhurst is president. It is sad to see in its memoranda, against one name, "Pastor of Unitarian Church, Chicago." It reminds one of another and ancient band of disciples. Others have happier items—"One of the handsomest men in the Conference," is a good recommendation to a young ladies' congregation, marred badly, however, by the additional words, "Recently married." "All hail!" shouts another, "on the upper route to the kingdom of immortality." One brother, who has had no large appointments, "has raised in ten years \$125,000 for church debts and building, and yet studies six solid hours daily,"—a good model. This gathering is a good idea.

The Revolution to European minds would have a terrible sound. But America is accustomed to the word, and like the earth itself enjoys the state it signifies. The paper that bears this fearful name has nothing very fearful in its mission or missives. It advocates women's voting; all the rest of its doctrines are not novel, and none of them revolutionary. It is a greenback, expansive, anti-specie paying, protective sheet, with low views of religion. With George Francis Train to run the financial machine, and Parker Pillsbury the theological, it has the merit of vivacity and vigor, if not of orthodoxy. Mr. Train is as bold as a financier as a Fenian. He is shrewd, sharp, successful in business, and not without deep roots to hold firm the very rocking branches. We wish it a sounder orthodoxy, so that every body who reads it, and every body will read it, may find as little as possible of tares among its wheat.

The Liberal Christian says it has not accomplished all its desires in respect to the paper in the past. It is a very clever journal, and needs but one thing to make it about perfect—Christianity. May it soon experience religion.

The Quarterly proposes that The Independent become a daily. Why not The Advocate? It has better publishing facilities than its rival, and is an older sheet. We hope both will soon be. If they do not hurry up THE HERALD may get the field. There are so many bad dailies of that name it would seem but proper that a Christian one should be issued to redeem a good name from unmerited dishonor.

The Athens Republican, with Mr. N. S. Cobleigh's name at its head, makes a good appearance: It is a live sheet, and it is showing the vigor of his enterprise in its columns. We hope he will make it rival The Athens Republicans of ancient Greece in spirit, taste and principle.

The Week, published by the Round Table Association, has just made its appearance. It is a neat paper got up in the same style as the Round Table, and largely made up of racy selections from the journals at home and abroad.

EDUCATIONAL.

Drew University.—Drew Seminary has applied for a charter with full university powers. It is the intention of the donor to develop a great institution, covering all departments of education. It will be to him a crown of glory that will never fade away.

Mr. A. T. Rollins, of Macon, Ga., is in the city soliciting means to rescue the Macon Centenary College from the hands of the rebels. A debt of \$6,000 is on it. Subscriptions to the amount of \$3,000 by Southerners, are unpaid, and the building will soon go under the hammer if not relieved. As a nucleus of education, religion and loyalty, it should be saved. Every lover of the nation, whether belonging to our church or not, should give it a helping hand.

Rev. John Braden is President of Tennessee Central College, Nashville. The college is devoted to the Normal work, as the city has established free schools for all children. The President writes: "The college has been well filled; two white students, and many others nearly so, being among the scholars." We hope the Pittsburg College will copy the Nashville example.

The Church at Home.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The following resolutions were passed by a rising vote at the Preachers' Meeting, Monday, Jan. 27th.

Resolved, That we have heard with deepest regret of the bereavement of our beloved Bro. W. F. Blackmer, in the recent decease of his wife.
2. That in the pure character, the devoted spirit, and the consecrated life of our departed sister, we find satisfying and blessed assurance that she has entered the rest of the sanctified dead, where all tears are wiped from all eyes by the hand of God.
3. That we tender to our bereaved and sorrowing brother our heartfelt sympathy, and assure him that our prayers shall mingle in his behalf at the throne of grace that the abundant consolations of the gospel may be ministered to him in this hour of his affliction.

C. S. ROGERS, Secretary.

W. McDONALD, President.

Topsfield, Mass.—Rev. W. D. Bridge writes: "The revival of religion now progressing in the Methodist church in Topsfield, Mass., is peculiarly characterized by its quiet, unobtrusive, but deep, thorough and all-embracing interest. All classes in society are brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Upwards of eighty have bowed at the altar within fifteen days, and over forty have been clearly and hopefully converted, and the work still progresses with undiminished interest. Husbands and wives, parents and children, have sought together and found together the full salvation proffered in the Gospel."

Marblehead.—A correspondent writes: "Monday evening, Jan. 20th, Rev. B. Otheman and wife were the recipients of a beautiful present (a token of earnest appreciation of their pastor) by a surprise party of young folks, most of whom being the fruits of his ministry. The present was accompanied with an admirable and touching address by one of the young ladies, in behalf of the company. After a season of social talk, singing and prayer, the party retired in hope of the final meeting."

"Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."
P. S. This is the third time their pastor has been thus surprised during his humble ministry among them. A kinder people never dwelt on earth."

Saxtonville, Mass.—We are pleased to announce that there is considerable religious interest in Saxtonville M. E. Church, Rev. A. Gould, pastor. Their missionary collection on the 19th amounted to \$230, which is \$30 in excess of their appropriation.

At the annual meeting of the *Hanover Home Mission Society*, held on Thursday evening, Jan. 17th, in Hanover Street M. E. Church, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—For President, O. T. Taylor. For Vice Presidents, Rev. S. F. Upham, E. H. Dunn. For Secretary, J. B. Rees. Treasurer, C. H. Butler. Managers, His Honor Lt. Gov. Wm. Claflin, I. B. Mills, S. B. Tinsley, J. C. Warren, H. C. Hemmenway, J. R. Goodwin, Robert Collins, J. H. Ray, W. R. Priest.

At a subsequent meeting of this Society, held Jan. 24th, in the same place, all of the above named officers were authorized to collect funds in aid of this mission in place of Wm. Atkinson, the former Collector, who is no longer authorized to collect in aid of the same.

MAINE.

North Gorham and Buxton, Me.—Rev. W. A. Foster writes: "We are greatly in love with THE HERALD in its present form, and especially as it comes to us full of excellent reading matter. We are enjoying a good revival. We are witnessing the conversion of precious souls both in Buxton and North Gorham, Me. To God be all the praise."

Denmark, Me.—Rev. Henry Chase writes:—"At Denmark, where I have been preaching a quarter of the time during the year, God has been reviving his work. Thirteen have been converted, some backsliders reclaimed, and the church greatly quickened."

CONNECTICUT.

New London, Conn.—From *The Daily Star*.—"The services at the Federal St. M. E. Church last Sunday morning, were of an interesting character. The pastor, Rev. W. J. Robinson, after preaching an appropriate sermon, baptized seven persons, who, with seven others, were received into full communion. The pastor, in giving the right hand of fellowship, addressed each candidate in a feeling and impressive manner."

Putnam, Conn., Jan. 22.—Rev. Robert Clark says: "The work of the Lord is being graciously revived in Putnam; backsliders are being reclaimed and sinners converted. Last Thursday evening at our regular prayer meeting fourteen were forward for prayers, and last Sabbath evening sixteen were forward, and quite a number are enabled to rejoice in the Lord that they have been raised from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. To God be all the praise. We are praying for and expecting a still greater work."

Providence Conference Items.

Preachers' Meeting opened with prayer by Rev. J. T. Benton. Bros. Ela, from Trinity, and Cooper, from Broadway, reported very gracious meetings upon the Sabbath, and during the past week. The church quickened, backsliders reclaimed, and sinners converted. They continued revival meetings through the week. Bro. Reed was to hold nightly services at Mathewson Street during the week.

Rev. J. T. Benton reports twenty conversions in the Providence Conference Seminary at East Greenwich. Dr. Brown, P. E., spent the Sabbath with Rev. Paul Townsend at Mansfield. Church and parsonage debts paid off; current expenses promptly met; large congregations and Sabbath School. Penitents, conversions, and "labors more abundant," commend Father Townsend as an example to many of our younger pastors.

The interesting discussion of the meeting was upon "The strange and disheartening apathy and remissness of many of our church members to their church vows and Christian professions; utter neglect of class and prayer meetings; irregular attendance upon public Sabbath services and ordinances; lack of sound Bible knowledge; lack of interest in serious and scriptural studies. What are the causes, or what is the prime cause of this state of things? Who is to be blamed, or

who are most to be blamed? How can we remedy these sad facts?" Questions which ought to bow the whole church in an agony of prayer and self-examination.

New York Methodist Items.

The New York Preachers' Meeting is thus photographed: "I looked in upon the New York Preachers' Meeting in the new room—not a very attractive room by the way, being ill-shaped, with low ceiling and bad ventilation. Its chief merit lies in the fact that it is located in a quiet part of the building. But the room was filled with fifty or more preachers, many of whom engaged in a very practical and interesting discussion of the question, 'How can we secure the more effectual co-operation of the laity in the direct work of saving souls?'"

"If this meeting was a sample, the New York Preachers' Meeting is clear out of sight of the Boston Preachers' Meeting in the matter of good order. There was perfect quiet and the best attention on the part of every one while the discussion was going on. And this was insisted on by the chairman of the meeting, Rev. Mr. Inskip."

A very fine M. E. Church has recently been dedicated at Morrisania, N. Y. The exercises were participated in by Bishop James, Rev. Drs. Porter and Curry, and others. The style of architecture is pure Norman; the brick or block is in two colors, gray and slate. On the northeast corner is a handsome tower in fine sections. The main audience room is seventy-five feet by forty-three. The cost of the structure, including all, will be \$35,000.

Beautiful new churches have also recently been dedicated at Staten Island and Mount Horeb, N. J.

Revival Intelligence.

Extraordinary work of conversion is still progressing in our Western churches especially. In Belleville Circuit, North Ohio Conference, there have been 40 conversions and 30 accessions. At Montezuma, Iowa, 70 have been added. At Stamford, Indiana, 115 have united to the church. At Versailles, Indiana, 94. At Atlanta, Ga., there have been 100 accessions, and 250 conversions. We might enumerate many other places in which the Lord is manifesting his presence in answer to the prayers of the faithful. Dr. Dabhiell, pastor of the M. E. Church, Orange, N. J., recently announced that fifteen husbands had been converted in answer to the prayers of pious wives. O, here is just where women might be an influence in the world! Several churches in Brooklyn have been very gladly blessed of late, and the cause is progressing mightily in various sections of New York and New Jersey.

From Chicago, we learn that "some little revival interest is springing up in various parts of the city, mostly in the waste-places rather than on the aristocratic avenues; but many Christians are reconsecrating themselves. All this looks favorable to a spread of the good work."

Louisiana Conference Statistics.—There are 8,001 white and 1,835 colored members, and 71 local preachers—being an increase the past year of 133 white, and a decrease of 148 colored members, and 22 local preachers. Fifty Sunday Schools, 389 teachers, 2,627 scholars are reported. One thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars was necessary for superannuated preachers, widows and orphans, and \$1,029 was paid them. For Domestic Missions, \$486.95; Foreign Missions, \$558.25; Missionary debt, \$33.50.

Great Increase.—Rev. N. L. Brakeman, in a note dated New Orleans, Dec. 30th, says: "Conference is over. The membership in the bounds of the Mississippi Mission Conference has more than doubled this year! When that fact was announced Conference sang the Doxology. The increase in the New Orleans district is over 2,000, and over 500 conversions, and it has furnished over 400 subscribers for *The New Orleans Advocate*. During the year we have bought two good churches, built thirteen, and built for Wesley Chapel, in this city, a fine school building, worth, in all, \$7,500; making a total of sixteen houses built for God and his cause this year on the New Orleans district. Increase in the value of church property this year on the New Orleans district has been between \$80,000 and \$100,000. Nearly every collection was attended to, and the increase in missionary contributions was remarkable. Rev. W. N. Darnell and Rev. J. English were transferred to the Missouri and Arkansas Conference."

The Methodist Recorder (London) analyzes our minutes, and finds that our increase is due to other causes than like that of England in the older and settled communities; 63,825 members are reported from the Southern States, more than half the increase. The balance is largely due to Western emigration:

In the North eastern States, the condition of society assimilates with sufficient closeness to the condition of society in England to admit of a comparison; while into the Far West there is a ceaseless immigration going forward. It is in these regions that a great part of the remaining increase lies; where the pioneer preacher still goes forth, and casts his seed into the virgin soil. If we look at the returns from the older and more settled parts of the country, we find that the ratio of increase there is pretty much the same as it is with us in England. Thus, in the State of Maine there are two Conferences; in New York two; in Pennsylvania two; and there are the New Hampshire, New Jersey, New England and Ohio Conferences. These ten Conferences represent the older, wealthier, more populous and more settled part of the United States population; and taken together, they contain nearly as many members as we have in England, so that there is a very fair basis of comparison. Now, when it is found that the net increase in the whole of these ten Conferences is no more than 5,520, or about the average annual increase in England for the last dozen years, it is plain that we must pause before we ascribe any inherent or wholesale superiority of American over English Methodism.

Donations.

Rev. A. A. Presbrey, of Pascoag, R. I., gratefully acknowledges valuable Christmas gifts in money and goods from his friends in Pascoag and Harrisville.

Rev. J. A. Strout, of Scotland, Me., acknowledges the receipt of \$112 from his friends of Scotland charge.

Rev. T. Whittier and wife gratefully acknowledge from their friends of Farmington Falls, Me., gifts and money to the value of near \$60.

Rev. A. B. Russell acknowledges from his friends of East Haverhill, N. H., money and valuables to the amount of \$66.27.

Rev. W. H. Stuart and wife, of Piermont, N. H., gratefully acknowledge the receipts of money and its equivalent, to the amount of \$76.

The Captain and his Crew.—A rare sight has been presented at the Bethel Ship recently. A ship captain at the Sabbath morning service was noticed as taking in the word as the thirsty earth drinketh in the rain. At the evening meeting he with others come forward for prayer. On the next prayer meeting evening who should be seen entering but the captain, having in his company his whole crew. Captain and crew are earnest seekers of salvation.

Female Heroism.—The wife of one of our missionaries in India writes: "After hobbling about on crutches I have been able for two months past to get about with the use of a cane when I go up and down hill. After the session of our Conference I shall go home to Lucknow, after having been absent from my school nearly one year in the mountains at Nynce Tay. Neither husband nor myself have the least desire to go home, nor leave our work in any way. It would be a terrible disappointment to leave the field now."

India.—In a letter received at the Mission Rooms from Rev. E. W. Parker, dated November 7, 1867, in camp at Goa, we have this encouraging passage: "Our work is really encouraging at present. During the past few weeks I have been present at the different stations in the district when forty-seven persons were baptized. I have no doubt that as many more, at least, will be baptized before the close of this cold season. We are at present on our way to the great Ganges mela, (fair). This mela being held at a number of different points, all our missionaries attend it at some one of the places."

THE SECULAR WORLD.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs of the United States House of Representatives, on the morning of the 23d, agreed upon a naturalization bill which enacts substantially that all naturalized citizens shall, in foreign States, have the rights and privileges of native born citizens of the United States, provided always that no citizen, native born or naturalized, who is guilty of crime against the laws of any foreign State committed within its jurisdiction, or of desertion from actual service in the army or navy of such State, or who shall have acquired naturalization by misrepresentation or fraud, or who as to residence or otherwise, by treason or other crime against the United States, shall have forfeited or who shall have renounced his rights as a naturalized citizen, shall be entitled to the protection contemplated by this act. And whenever it shall be made known that any naturalized citizen has been arrested by any foreign government upon the allegation that naturalization in the United States does not operate to dissolve his allegiance to his native sovereign, etc., the President is empowered to arrest any citizen of said foreign nation as may be in the United States, and hold him as reprisal until the naturalized citizen be released. But if any naturalized citizen shall leave the United States and settle down in any foreign land or return to his own native country with intent to domicile therein, or shall engage as an army or navy belligerent in any foreign war or service, such naturalized citizen shall not be entitled to the interposition of the government in his behalf.

The New England Manufacturer's Convention was held at Worcester, on the 23d. Its object was to endorse the doings of the National Manufacturers' Convention, held at Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1867, which Convention recommended the abolition of all taxation on the necessary domestic industries of the country, and the imposition of taxation on the luxuries of life. The gathering was very large, representing all classes of manufacture, and great sobriety and earnestness characterized the proceedings. One resolution among others we should be happy to have voted for, namely, that income returns be not published. This parading of every man's financial condition before the world annually is an outrage that has been endured long enough in all conscience.

It seems by recent advices from the Iceberg Territory, Alaska, that the Indians are by no means an amiable class of citizens; they are fond of strong drink and driving hard bargains, and if their demands and expectations are not complied with, they immediately hold a council of war and threaten vengeance. The weather has so interfered with the progress of affairs in Sitka that only a few billiard and other saloons, and one pawnbroker's shop have as yet been started. Still Eastern civilization is progressing favorably—burglaries and fights being very common. "Westward the course," etc.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in Mercantile Hall on the 23d inst. Speeches were made by Wendell Phillips, S. S. Foster and many others, and a series of resolutions was adopted.

The new conference committee of the United States Congress have agreed to a bill in relation to the cotton tax, which provides for the absolute repeal of the tax on domestic cotton, and the repeal of the tariff on foreign cotton. The Freedmen's Bureau will probably be retained in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee for some time longer than the date specified for its abolishment by the recent circular of General Howard, as urgent requests for its continued operation have been made by the military authorities in those districts.

The committee on foreign affairs of the United States House of Representatives, it is stated, will not take any official action in relation to the arrest of American citizens by the British authorities until something definite is known as to the immediate cause of such arrests. The official account of the whole affair to the Department of State will be awaited.

The ways and means committee are hard at work on their new tax bill. The free list will be a great deal longer than ever before.

In the United States House of Representatives on the 23d, there was a little brush between Messrs. Chandler, of New York, and Julian, of Indiana, during which the latter challenged the member from New York, Thad. Stevens offering himself as his second.

We announced last week that Mr. George F. Train was arrested on his arrival in Queenstown. He has since been released from custody, and has sued the British government for damages for imprisonment to the amount of £100,000. The following telegram to his friends in New York explains his position in a very lucid manner: "BRITISH JAIL, MONDAY, 12 M. My first gun is fired—Lord Derby quails—Revolution—Kuecsow-ski—Ireland for the Irish—American citizens' rights in Europe—Alabama—or war—galvanize Johnson and Seward—are they Americans? Adams a British Toady."

See page 60.

PEEPS AT NATURE AND ART.

We purpose occasionally to take a peep at nature and art for the benefit of our readers; and one of the first things that arrest our attention is the invention of a Steam Man by a New-ark mechanist, of the name of Dedrick. The creature, a second Frankenstein, stands seven feet nine inches in his stockings; is very corpulent, and weighs five hundred pounds. Dressed in fashionable garments, he draws along the road a wagon at the rate of a mile a minute. His heart is a three horse power engine, which, pulsating at the rate of five hundred revolutions per minute, works the complicated and wonderful mechanism that lifts and advances the legs. He can be adjusted so as to go up or down hill, turn round, or stand still, in obedience to the will of the gentleman in the wagon. It is pronounced to be a most extraordinary piece of mechanism, and so much like other flesh and blood citizens, that we see no logical reason why he should not be enfranchised.

In view of the many fearful accidents on the rail that have recently occurred, and that are happening, indeed, all the time, *The New York Tribune* offers some very excellent suggestions, the substance of which is, 1st. Cars should be furnished with more wheels, say three or four sets each; 2d. Cars should be made of cast-iron plates; 3d. There should be no inflammable substance used, such as paint or wooden upholstery; 4th. Passenger trains should be better provided with suitable brakes; and 5th, new safeguards against flying the track on embankments, bridges, etc., must be provided. "Reform must be had," says *The Tribune*, "comparative security must be attained, if our public conveyances are not to be deserted by the more timid and apprehensive half of those by whom they have hitherto been patronized. We exhort our railroad managers to act promptly and decisively."

From the railroad to the oyster bed is not, we confess, a very natural transition; but as a few facts about the "delicious bivalve" occur to us, we had better "make a note," (as dear old Captain Cuttle would say) before we lose them:

The oyster when spawning does not cast its eggs like other fish, but dissolves, as it were, a part of its own body, which passes off in long slender threads as fine as a spider's web, upon which are congregated millions of little eggs, not visible to the naked eye, but which, when put under a powerful magnifying glass, astonish the beholder by their numbers. It is estimated that about seventy per cent. of this spawn is destroyed by fish, and about ten per cent. from other causes, leaving twenty per cent. to find its way into market. These little "seeds" cling to whatever they touch, generally to old oysters, and the many little shells one often sees clinging to large oysters are but the growth of these seeds. Where oysters have spawned in a clear place, and free from their fish enemies, their growth is very rapid until they attain the size of a quarter of a dollar, and it is at this period of their existence that the oysterman takes them for transplanting. The shells are very thin, and the inside meat scarce larger than a shirt button, but having the rest of the shell filled with a milky fluid, which in time forms the body of the fish. Oysters, after they are transplanted, are with few exceptions, not fit to eat under three years. It might be supposed that the oyster, with his hard shell, was free from all danger, but such is not the case. He has two deadly enemies, the star fish and the borer. The former will fasten on the mouth of an oyster, and in a short time suck the life out of him. The latter, with his little saw and gimlet bill, bores through his shell, and once in, the oyster is soon destroyed.

The oyster has even a worse enemy than the star fish or the borer, because one that comes under the guise of friendship. What opinion can he have of the affection of a young lady, who, just before she lifts him to her lovely lips, exclaims with rapture, "O, I do so love oysters!"

Talking about star-fish, reminds us to say a word about the two magnificent planets observable in the Southwestern heavens at early evening, Venus and Jupiter. In the latter part of the month they will be close together; their conjunction in right ascension taking place, in fact, this evening. Such an occurrence is very rare indeed, and should not fail to be noted. The distance between them will be only two thirds the diameter of the moon. It seems strange that the position of our own planet should be actually between these, that is, in the solar system. We were solemnly informed the other day by a rather intelligent man in some respects, that he saw by the Almanac that the four magnetic planets were inside of us, and the three non-magnetic ones outside, just now; and the consequence is, we should have very "up and down sort of weather this winter; but," said he, "when the moon and seven stars all get mixed up together, then lookout for squalls!" We call the attention of Miss Mitchell and other astronomers to these startling phenomena.

Did you ever think of the scientific or natural reason why leaves fall? Perhaps you don't know this has been one of the most puzzling questions in natural science, until recently it was answered by Dr. Inman, of Liverpool, who has arrived at the conclusion that the fall of the leaf is due to the formation of a layer of cells, arranged in a plane different from that of the rest of the tissues, thus gradually severing the leaf from its support, much as a knife blade would do, and moreover serving as a thin skin to protect the surface of what would otherwise be an open wound. This of course is the reason why the leaf becomes detached rather than why it falls; once detached, gravity (whatever that may be) brings it to the ground.

This allusion to the falling leaf calls death to mind, as it should do, which leads us to remark that Prof. Czernak, of the University of Jena, while examining the stomach of a mummy, found a roll of something, which, under the microscope, proved to be the skin of the soles of the feet. Further investigation shows that this disposition of the sole was a common practice, and it is supposed to be symbolical of the eternal separation of the dead from the earth.

But a far more wonderful discovery than this has been recently made in Jerusalem:

The colossal foundations of the temple wall, which are "stones of ten cubits, and stones of eight cubits," laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of 90 feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the palace of Zion and the temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upward of 150 feet high. If this be, as it seems, the ascent to the House of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it there was no spirit in her. The pinnacle of the temple on which the temple

placed the Saviour has just been uncovered to the base, and is found still to have an elevation of 136 feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration. If any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth. Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the southeast angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the harbor, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the temple. The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and grand vizier to England, and the representations made to the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up as they have been by the energy, the wisdom, and tact of Lieut. Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration such as never occurred before; and besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work, and are eager to be employed; and the exact points for successful exploration are now well known.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

Vegetables in Cellars. Many persons complain that their vegetables do not keep well in their house cellar, that they shrivel and dry up, and become nearly or quite worthless. On inquiry we learn that they have a furnace in the cellar, with only a board partition, or possibly none at all between it and the vegetables. Fruit is stored perhaps in the same place, and suffers in the same way. Now it is impossible to keep such things under such circumstances, and every person who attempts to do so will fail. A brick wall must be built between the furnace and the vegetable cellar, in order to furnish sufficient protection from the hot dry air that does the mischief. It is always better to cover with earth or sand the roots that are intended for culinary use. We do not approve of storing a large quantity of vegetables under any dwelling-house, for we believe that the air that arises from the cellar, under such circumstances, is injurious to the health of the occupants of the house. A properly constructed root cellar under the barn is the very best place, for many reasons, to keep vegetables. See to it that wherever they are kept they are not allowed to shrivel, heat or decay, when it can so easily be prevented.

Care of Cattle. See that the cattle are well fed and cared for during this inclement season of the year. The card or currycomb will not hurt them if it should happen to be used rather frequently. They should be fed regularly and with proper food; they should not be allowed to suffer from cold, nor on the other hand should they be kept stifled up in a cellar, or other place, without proper ventilation. If they are turned out as all, let it be in the middle of pleasant days. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

When and Where to Plant. Every one will admit that an orchard of fine fruit is, besides being a source of great enjoyment, one of great profit as well.

After the resolution to plant an orchard, comes the question when, where, and how to do it.

1st. When to plant.—Not before you have previously prepared your land by thorough draining, deep subsoiling, and a generous fertilizing. To set trees on soil, heavy from surplus moisture, before it has been sufficiently broken up to enable the young roots to readily extend themselves, and when it is so poor as not to be able to afford them sufficient nutriment to support life, is no more absurd than it would be for the farmer to plant his corn in his poorest pasture, without previously breaking up and manuring it.

In regard to the proper season of the year for setting trees, there exists a great diversity of opinion. This, of course, depends much upon local situation, protection, kind of trees, and other contingencies.

It is safe to say, however, that south of New York, hardy kinds may be set to advantage in the fall; but farther north, they would do better if planted in the spring.

2d. Where to plant.—Select for your orchard your very best land, not as many do, that on which nothing else will grow, but that which is high, naturally dry, and best protected from winds.

From the fact that trees, having a southern exposure, put forth their fruit buds too early, thus rendering them liable to be killed by frost, too warm a situation, in severe climates, is not desirable.

Dry Cows. A correspondent in *The Germantown Telegraph* says:

"On no account stint a cow in food because she is dry, for if you do, a poor calf will be the result; for while dry the cow has two lives to support, hence the fact of her going dry, that the substance before given in the form of milk may go in the form of food for the calf."

Pruning. Many fruit-growers prune too much, cutting away all the low branches, so as to leave the tree with a tall, slender, naked stem, fully exposed to all the excesses of heat and cold, dryness and dampness. Let a tree be allowed to have its own way, and it will be surrounded in summer with a breastwork of foliage. The lower branches and spray will break the force of the winds in winter.

The objection that low branches are a hindrance in ploughing, is only another reason why they should be suffered to remain. Among the many enemies of fruit trees, none are more destructive and remorseless than the plough. It does incurable mischief, by breaking roots, bruising bark, and mutilating branches. A plough ought never to pass nearer to a fruit tree than the tips of its lowest branches. Let the spade be used in loosening the soil, and removing the grass close about the trunk.

Carrots for Horses. Horses are especially benefited by the use of carrots. They should be fed to them frequently with their other food. The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. Analyzed it gives but little more solid matter than any other root, eighty-five per cent. being water; but its influence in the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. This result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called pectine, which operates to coagulate or gelatinized vegetable solutions, and favors this digestion in all cattle. —*American Stock Journal.*

Different Breeds of Swine. Without dwelling on the management of swine, or making a long preamble to the direct discussion of the subject, I will commence at once to point out some of the points of the different breeds of these animals:

The *Berkshires* will first be brought on the "carpet." These swine are black, which color seems to be objectionable with many, although not a serious fault. They mature early, fatten well on limited quantities of food, and are excellent breeders.

It is claimed that they are less liable to disease than any other breed, and that their flesh is the most delicate pork while the live animal is the most hardy. They have grown to an immense size, and are a good breed for crossing with others. Next we will call up the *Suffolks*. These were imported from England by James Stickney, of Boston. In their "native land" they are considered the most profitable breed. They possess most of the good qualities of the *Berkshires*, are not black like them, and if well kept and taken care of, they will make the best selling pork. Until lately they were probably the leading breed of this country.—*Ibid.*

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

MARTHA A. McLELLAN, youngest daughter of the late Samuel McLellan, of Gorham, Me., died on Saturday, Sept. 7th. In 1847, while young, she gave her heart to God, and united with the M. E. Church. In 1862 her brother-in-law, Rev. E. W. Jackson, was appointed Chaplain of the Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C. Martha decided at once to go with him and his family, and to share with them the toils and trials of army life. How well she acted the part of mother and sister to our suffering braves, none but they themselves will ever know. Without doubt many who knew her in the wards of the Hospital, and who were the recipients of her sisterly care, will read this tribute with sadness. Continuing in this work till early in the spring of 1865, she sickened, and in July was borne on a stretcher to her quiet home to die. For more than two years she suffered much, but never complained, often exclaiming, in seasons of keenest agony, "It is all right." On being asked if she regretted having been connected with army life, she said, "O no, I would do it again, I would do it a thousand times." To her sister she said, after arranging in detail all worldly affairs, "About my future welfare you need have no anxiety; I attended to that long ago, and it is all right now. Jesus owns me for his child. I have no doubts; and almost the last words were, 'It is all bright, all bright.' Farewell, dear sister, thy company on earth we prized; thy example we will remember and imitate; we loved thee on earth, and will meet thee in heaven. J. E. A. Gorham, Me., Sept. 19th, 1867.

MRS. SARAH MARKS, sister of Rev. Lorenzo D. Wardwell, of the East Maine Conference, died in Penobscot, Me., Nov. 28th, 1867, aged 41 years and 5 months. She experienced religion when about 16 years of age, and joined the M. E. Church. She never spoke of great enjoyment, but had always lived a praying life. Her health had been poor from a child. The fifth day previous to the day she died, she was asked by her mother how she felt in her mind. She replied, "I am trying to trust in God, but do not feel as I want to." The second day before she died, she had a struggle in prayer that she might be able to give up her children, and she gained the victory. As she remarked the next morning to her mother, "I have perfect trust in God; I don't have joy, the body is distressed, but I have perfect trust in God." F. P. CALDWELL.

SISTER ZILPHA A. ADAMS died in Provincetown, Sept. 19th, 1867, aged 38 years and 8 days. During a gracious revival at the Centre Church in this place, under Rev. Paul Townsend, Sister Adams was converted at the early age of twelve years. Though thus tender in life, she evinced her great earnestness and fidelity to the cause she had espoused; acceptably serving out her probation, she was finally received into full membership. Heartily she entered into all the operations of the Lord's house, bearing her part in the social meeting, as well as in all the benevolent causes of the church. She was much interested in the erection and completion of our new church edifice, and though not permitted to worship many times in it, yet she lived to see her brethren remove from their former inconvenient and ancient-looking temple, to the most beautiful and commodious house in all southeastern Massachusetts. Slowly by consumption's hand she went down to death's stream, hopeful and confident to the last; waiting and watching, she passed over, and now rests with the saints of God on high. GEO. M. HAMLEN.

SISTER SOPHIA W. CHAPMAN, wife of Joseph H. Chapman, esq., and daughter of the late Wm. E. Folsom, of Starks, departed this life at her home in Hartland, Me., Sept. 12, 1867, aged 30 years. She sought and found the Saviour when but twelve years old, and then united with the M. E. Church, and ever lived a worthy and acceptable member. For a day or two before her departure she was blessed with the most wonderful manifestations from the heavenly world; her dearly beloved friends who had died in the triumphs of faith appeared around her as ministering angels, while an innumerable throng of Sabbath School children seemed waiting and singing to cheer her as she crossed the Jordan of death. Her Saviour appeared to her, welcoming her to those heavenly fields and celestial gardens where the "tree of life is blooming;" and as her happy spirit in Christian triumph quit its clay tenement, we could but say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

BENJAMIN DANFORTH, formerly of Hillsboro, died in Unity, N. H., Sept. 16th, in his 79th year. Father Danforth during the last thirty-two years of his life was an ornament to the Methodist Episcopal Church with which he was connected, ever exhibiting by his walk and conversation a deep-tempered piety. His highest ambition was to make himself useful to the church and to the world. The salvation of his soul he considered of too great importance to be postponed until brought upon his dying bed; hence while in the vigor of his strength and while able to accomplish a good work for God, he gave his heart to Christ. His mission he fulfilled as he passed along through life, so that he felt when he saw eternity opening up before him as though he had nothing more to do. And just before taking his exit to the other world he comforted his weeping friends by saying that he felt prepared to die. W. B. OSGOOD. Unity, N. H., Sept. 27.

SISTER LOUISA O. TRUE, of Chester, N. H., aged 17 years, died in the sustaining hope of a true disciple of Jesus, on the 21st day of September. In her last illness she exhibited a sweet composure, and full confidence in the Saviour. Within a short time of her departure she spoke precious words of counsel to each member of the family, and asked them "to think of her as in heaven." G. W. R. Raymond, Sept. 27th.

MRS. SARAH H. BATTY died in Worcester, Mass., Sept. 21st, aged 29 years and 10 months. Mrs. Batty was ready when the summons came. In spite of her pain and weakness, Jesus was near and very precious; every load was gone. "I should like to live," she said, "for my children and my husband, but the Lord knows best; I have put everything into his hands; He has adopted me as his child; though all else is lost, heaven is my home." She has gone home. E. W. V.

SAMUEL HOWES died in Farmington, Me., Sept. 6th, aged 71 years and 2 months. He was struck by an engine on the F. and K. R. R., and lived only a few hours. He was a prince among men, a light in the church, a joy in his family. He professed religion when about 23 years of age, and held fast his confidence to the end. At class meeting the night before his death, he gave his last testimony of his love to Christ and his church. More than forty years he was a subscriber of THE HERALD. His memory is precious. C. MUNGER.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

South Africa.—The wonderful revival that commenced here some years since, is still in progress, and many of the heathen are being brought to a knowledge of salvation by faith in Jesus. Rev. Charles Harmon, writing from D'Urban, says:

I rejoice to be able to inform you that the work of God is still progressing in our midst. Those who prophesied of a speedy reaction, and foretold the disgraceful decision of the professed converts, have been disappointed. With very few exceptions, those who professed to find salvation, are giving the best proof of its possession; namely, a consistent godly life. Mourning over the instability of a few, we rejoice in the steadfastness and growth of many. We informed you that some young men, who were brought to God during the recent revival, were well acquainted with the Kafir language, and speedily after their conversion they began to talk of Jesus to the benighted heathen around. They are still gladly and diligently doing the work of evangelists. In various parts of our circuit, groups of heathen men and women assemble every Sabbath to hear the Scriptures read, prayer and praise offered, and God's redeeming love proclaimed by those converted colonists. Already we know their labors have not been fruitless, and we are praying that Christ's constraining love may keep them "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

A very commodious chapel has recently been erected in connection with the mission at Natal, and the whole expense, or nearly so, has been met by the natives, the King approving the enterprise, and aiding its accomplishment. Prayers are offered for the conversion of the King; although friendly to the missionaries and wishing them success, he has never given his heart to the Saviour. His conversion is earnestly sought, and should he become a Christian, he would exert a powerful influence for good. Many are waiting to see the course the King takes in the matter.

India.—Sixty years ago, there were no Protestant Christians in Travancore, Southern India. Now, what do we behold? There are at this point alone 27,000, and 500 native assistants, and 11 ordained native ministers. At Nagercoil, the principal station in the district, there is a large Christian village of 800 souls, a printing office, girls' boarding school, native church, and boys' school, with theological classes, with three European and two native ordained missionaries. Wonderful triumphs of grace.

Power of the Bible.—The Rev. J. F. Horsley, a devoted and successful missionary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, laboring in the Fiji Islands, furnishes important and striking evidence of the power of the Bible to save men. "Is not my word like a fire," saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" How strikingly do the following facts, from the pen of Mr. Horsley, illustrate the truth of this passage?

In April, 1865, it fell to my lot to examine twenty-eight young men, who were recommended by our native ministers as candidates for the office of local preachers. While listening to the accounts of their conversion to God I was struck with the oft-repeated mention of the New Testament, as having been the only means used by the Holy Spirit to convince them of their danger, and point them to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Since that time I have carefully noted such cases whilst engaged in my missionary labors. From conversations, examinations, and written documents, I have now ascertained that more than two thirds of our two hundred catechists, lay preachers and school masters, have been aroused to a sense of their danger whilst living in sin, and have afterwards obtained peace solely through reading their Testaments, without having received any counsel, admonition, or spiritual instruction from any one.

As these are representative men from all parts of the windward group of the Fiji Islands, I think we may safely conclude that the majority of those of our members who have passed from "death unto life," owe all their good to the study of God's word. And when it is remembered that we have 4,200 members in society with us on this circuit alone, and 432 upon trial, what a blessed fact is here brought out to the glory of God?

Give, if you cannot give but little.—Rivers and oceans are made up of drops, and the large sums reported by our Missionary Treasurers are made up largely of small sums. Fifty thousand dollars came into the Treasury of the Basle Missionary Society last year, in collections composed mostly of small coins worth less each than two cents of our money, paid once a week, or ten times the amount at the end of every ten weeks. Give, if you can give but little—give all you can for the missionary cause, and you shall not lose your reward.

Li bon.—In this city there is a Portuguese congregation of sixty Protestant members, who meet secretly for divine worship on Sundays. They are mostly poor, and are exposed to great persecution. Two Roman Catholic priests have left their church recently, and desire to make public their faith in the Protestant religion. The true light is spreading there, and a great work of grace is near at hand.

P. S. "Read our Mission Field" department, and your souls will be stirred to new activities in the missionary work. Thousands are converted in the foreign mission field. To God be all the glory.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Bishop of Tennessee is in England, and has recently delivered a lecture in the theatre of King's College, and a speech at the laying of the corner-stone of a new church at Old Brentford, by Princess Mary. The meeting at King's College was presided over by the Lord Bishop of Ely, who said he had come all the way from Ely to be present on this occasion, because of the great interest he took in all that concerned his Right Rev. brethren from America, and the pleasure it gave him to meet any of the Episcopal visitors to this country. If no other benefit had been derived from the recent Lambeth Conference, he could testify that great comfort and support had been gained by the English Church, and he hoped some had been gained also by the American Church, by the intercourse which had taken place between the American and English Bishops. At the Old Brentford meeting, the Bishop of Tennessee dilated in a very happy manner upon the intimate relations that must always exist between the Established Church of England and that of America. He believed that

there was not, all the world over, a body of more faithful, earnest, hard-working men than the bishops and clergymen of the Church of England, and that the blessing of Heaven had signally rested upon their labors, and had borne rich fruit both in reference to the material and spiritual prosperity of the mother country. The Bishop then touched upon education, and proceeded to point out that the system of purely secular education was fraught with danger to the best interests of the nation, and he warned his hearers that they should never overlook the necessity of a sound religious basis for national instruction. In America the purely secular system was in full force, and had done wonders; but no child in the American training-schools could venture to stand up and say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth." He was afraid they were coming to this in England. This was what people in high station were in favor of; but he prayed them not in this respect to follow the example of America.

The Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg recently delivered in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a very powerful sermon in behalf of the Midnight mission for the rescue of fallen women, from the text, "Go and sin no more."

A new Episcopal Church is about to be established on or near the upper part of Fifth Avenue.

Congregationalist Church.

At the Old South Prayer Meeting on Monday morning last, a brother well known to those present, stated that he distributed 800 tracts the previous Sabbath in the stables, hotels, and bar-rooms of the city. All received them kindly, and he did not meet with a single rebuff. In the bar-room of one hotel he found about twenty men, most of whom were reading papers, but they all took the tracts, and nearly all commenced reading them. In a loft he found twelve or fifteen young men playing cards, but they also received the tracts and began to read them. They have a club called the "Mechanics' Association," which meets evenings and on the Sabbath, and having nothing to read, the time is spent mostly in playing cards. These facts afford encouragement for more labor similar to that in which this brother is engaged.—*Congregationalist*.

Conferences.—Our Congregationalist friends are beginning to see the need and experience the benefit of Conferences. On the 7th and 14th inst., meetings of the united congregations of the five Congregational churches of Cambridge were held with the Shepard Church and Prospect Street Church, Cambridgeport, to consider and pray over the work of the gospel in that city. A large committee was appointed to report measures calculated to draw these churches more closely together, and increase their usefulness in the community. Great good promises to come out of this movement, which is somewhat new in its character.

A deeply interesting Convention of the churches in Orange County was held at Bradford, Jan. 2. The exercises were three prayer meetings, reports, discussions and sermon. A large proportion of the Evangelical churches in the county were represented, and some of the reports were very refreshing. The Bedford Congregational church reported an addition of 13 the previous Sabbath. Chelsea reported a deeply interesting work of grace, and West Randolph reported extensive improvements as making upon the Congregational meeting-house. Wells River Church reported some ten or twelve recent conversions. That church is enjoying a most gracious visit from above.

Thirty-eight were received to the Congregational Church, North Yarmouth, on Sunday, Jan. 6th, all but four by confession. The rite of baptism was administered to twenty-one. This is by far the largest number ever received to this church at one time. The interest still continues, though conversions are less frequent, and many more it is expected will soon be added to that church.

The Congregationalist last week gave a list of Congregational clergymen who have died within the past year. The list embraces thirty-four names, and of these the ages of twenty-nine are given. The oldest on the list is President Day, of Yale College, 94 years, and the youngest 44 years. The average of the whole is 67 3/4 years. The average age of the forty-six Congregational ministers who died the previous year was 64 1/2 years.

Twenty-one persons united with the First Church in Winsted, Jan. 5th, by profession. Of these nine are heads of families. Interesting as the occasion was by the witnessing for Christ of youth, and manhood, and old age, it was made still more solemn and tender by the baptism of sixteen children.

The Peabody Memorial Church in Georgetown, Mass., costing nearly \$100,000, the entire amount being furnished by Mr. Peabody, was dedicated to the worship of God on the 8th inst. It is built of brick, in the Norman style, is quite an ornament to the village, and will seat 600 persons.

Baptist Church.

The Fourth Anniversary of the Union Temple Sabbath School on Sunday afternoon last was enough, in the aspect which it presented, to gladden men or angels. The great audience room of the Temple was more than full; the galleries at the sides and both ends were largely occupied by members of this school, which embraces a membership of 808, with 35 classes, 35 teachers, 7 officers, being the largest school, we suspect, in Boston or New England. It has disbursed about \$1,000 within the year; and the number converted to Christ in the same time is 94.

South Windham, Vt.—Rev. Mark Carpenter writes to *The Watchman*, Jan. 6th: "You will rejoice to chronicle the triumphs of divine grace in this place. For ten long years this church has been rent and decimated by party strife. Five years ago Rev. George O. Atkinson came and labored faithfully among them for nearly three years, and left in discouragement. Over a year ago they agreed 'to bury the hatchet.' Yesterday I baptized twenty-three, thirteen males and ten females, into this church, and received five by letter, giving the hand of fellowship to twenty-eight. Two of the men were over sixty, the others were strong young men, who, I trust, will be pillars in the church, as some of their fathers."

Another Vermont correspondent of *The Watchman* doesn't present so gratifying a picture. He writes: "The destitution of pastors for the churches in this State is assuming the magnitude of a calamity. So great has this want become as to arrest our aggressive policy, and it will soon make it difficult in many portions of the State for us to hold our own. There are seventeen churches in this small State without pastors, nearly all of which have houses of worship, and most of them commodious parsonages, and they are willing besides and able to give to a man who meets their wants a moderate, but competent support. Some of these churches have for years been without a pastor, and, moreover, this destitution is increasing."

A Baptist Love Feast.—An agape was last week celebrated by the Second Church of Newport. It was a religious festival, intended to answer to the "love feast" of the primitive Christians. The services consisted of refreshments and religious services. About four hundred persons participated. The occasion was one of great interest to the church, tending to promote friendly intercourse and mutual affection among its members.

Chelsea Marine Hospital has been in operation fifty-nine years, during which time there have been 41,817 sailors who

have enjoyed its benefits. At present there are 113, from twelve States and twenty nationalities. The ninth anniversary of Capt. Andrew Bartlett's labors as chaplain took place on New Year's Evening. Judge Russell, A. Hardy, esq., and Rev. P. Stowe took part in the exercises. There have been 49 hopeful conversions the past year, and 372 during his chaplaincy, which is an average of more than 41 per annum. He has held 107 meetings, conducted 268 funerals, and distributed 125,000 pages of tracts, besides books and papers. Twenty took the pledge Wednesday evening, and several requested prayers.—*Watchman*.

First Baptist Bethel.—Seven were received into fellowship by Rev. P. Stowe, New Year's Sabbath, and others are ready to join. The religious interest continues unabated.

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Mr. Sutphen, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, last week delivered a discourse on the Unity of the Church. His observations were based upon a passage from Christ's intercessory prayer, and treated of the subjects, objects and ends of this Christian unity. The whole discourse breathed the spirit that now seems to be prevailing among the people of God, and wherever delivered would quicken the hearts of all in this divine direction. That the unity for which Christ prayed was something more than spiritual union, the preacher showed was evident, from the nature of those for whom he prayed, these being believers in his name who were already the subjects of this spiritual union. The advantages and blessings of true union in heart and co-operation, were forcibly presented.

Pan Presbyterian Convention.—Dr. McCosh suggests in the *Weekly Review* a convention of Presbyterians from all quarters. He says:

"Let us suppose that it could be arranged that a Pan Presbyterian Conference should be held in Edinburgh, the city of Knox and of Chalmers. I verily believe that it would be the most imposing council that has met for ages; and it would exhibit a unity in doctrine and worship, in spirit and in action, such as could be displayed by no other branch of Christ's church in the world."

Roman Catholic Church.

Advices from Rome of Dec. 20th state that on the preceding day, after the Pontifical Mass, the Cardinals offered their compliments to the Pope on the opening of the New Christian Church. His Holiness, in an unprepared reply, compared the moral position of Jerusalem and of Rome at the time of the advent of Christ. At that epoch Judea was profoundly divided and torn by opposing factions, while Rome presented the image of strength and power. At the present moment Rome still offers the example of the most perfect unity; that of the Church concentrating all the forces of the faithful of the earth; her enemies, on the contrary, are broken into factions, which must hasten their ruin; but they will no doubt attempt a final attack, therefore it is necessary to watch and pray, and be prepared for all. The Pope has blessed the velvet hat and sword of honor which is to be presented to the prince best deserving the title of Defender of Rome.

Nuns' Schools.—Several nuns' schools are springing up in our vicinity, to which Protestant girls are led like lambs to the slaughter. It is remarkable that these institutions present externally a most repulsive and gloomy aspect. No sign of life is manifest. No faces look out of the curtained windows. The pupils glide, or rather sneak in, with their veils down, so as to hide their shame; they enter by the back doors, one at a time, silently and sadly. O, what tools Papists are making of us, while we think we are educating them!

The Great Monastery in Iowa.—The *Dubuque* (Iowa) *Times* says: "This monastery at New Melleray, Iowa, will cover nearly three acres of ground. The details of its plan are copied from the order of architecture used by the Cistercians in the 11th century. As a monastery, it will be by far the largest of any order of monks in America. There are few in Catholic Europe which are of larger dimensions. Duplicates of the plans were sent to France to the General Chapter of the Cistercian Order, last September, for approval. They were adopted without any alteration, and the head of the Order wrote that it would be the most perfect institution of the Cistercian Order in the world."

"Excavation for the foundation was commenced several weeks ago. Between 3,000 and 4,000 perch of stone have been quarried and are already on the ground. It is hoped that every building will be ready for occupancy by the 1st of June, 1870. The cost of the cloister is estimated at over \$300,000."

Preaching in a Billiard Saloon.—R. A. Burnell, esq., of Sterling, Ill., has inaugurated a series of sermons in the billiard and other saloons of the State. Obtaining the consent of one keeper, a Mr. Robbins, Mr. Burnell entered the saloon promptly at 9 o'clock, P. M., and in three minutes the tables were covered with the dust-cloths, and the large number present (over one hundred) arranged themselves around the sides of the room. He spoke in a very kind and yet fatherly manner; appreciated the natural taste for recreation, and relished a hearty laugh; showed the evil tendencies of billiards and their accompaniments, and drew a vivid picture of the sad condition of those who spent time and money in saloons. His religious appeal was hearty, cheerful, and manly, and held the closest attention.

Gifts to Clergymen.—Just at this season of the year we observe long lists of announcements of gifts to pastors, gifts which are altogether private and which ought to be regarded as confidential rather than proclaimed upon the modern house-top, the columns of a newspaper. If any number of parishioners choose to present their pastor five hundred or one thousand dollars or more, let them do it, but it strikes us as not altogether a proper matter for public proclamation. And so if a congregation choose to make their pastor what is called a donation visit let them open their hearts freely and supply his wants abundantly, (although we think a better way is to pay him a salary sufficient for his comfortable support), but it cannot be agreeable to a sensitive man to have a public notice made of such a supplement to his short allowance.

We usually publish such items when they are sent to us officially for insertion, but we think, nevertheless, that it would be better for congregations to express their kind feelings toward those who are over them in the Lord, by quietly making their gifts or donation visits, and not to let the whole world know what their left hand has been doing.—*Observer*.

Mr. Henry Vincent in the Pulpit.—This oaken-hearted, warm-souled English reformer is at home in the pulpit as well as on the hustings. Last Sabbath evening he spoke in the First Church, Detroit, and of his discourse, Dr. Ballard writes: "To say that it was very beautiful and fervidly eloquent, would be its smallest commendation. It was, throughout, full of Christ and of the Holy Spirit—the very marrow of vital, experimental godliness. He spoke from Ps. xxv. 3: 'Lead me in thy truth, and teach me; thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.' He set forth in a very earnest, winning and persuasive manner the privilege and value of secret prayer—saying that it is the sure antidote to infidelity, the solver of doubts, the comforter of sorrow, and the true and proper life of the soul. I cannot but think that the discourse made life-long impressions for good on many hearts. It is greatly refreshing to see this steadfast advocate of right and freedom stand up so nobly for Jesus."

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE QUARRER ENDED.—It is now conceded by all parties that J. W. Poland's Honor Doctor is the best remedy for the cure of Scrofula and all other diseases of the blood. It is put up in large bottles. Jan. 30.

USE HULL'S RAY RUM SOAP, and none other. For sale by the principal Druggists. May 1.

MRS. TEMPLE'S RENOVATING REMEDY. The great Purifier of the Age.—Composed wholly of roots, without any admixture of alcohol. Its invigorating effects are not followed by reaction. It cures Dyspepsia, It cures Consumption, It cures Sick Headache, It cures Rheumatism, It cures Scrofula.

It cures Every disease of the Blood. It wends it way at once into the blood, where the cause of the disease exists, and to the sufferer its purifying effect are apparent. Send to the Agents, for one of Mrs. Temple's books. For sale by all Druggists. **WEEKS & PORTER,** 170 Washington Street, Boston, General Agents. Oct. 3.

A CA'D.—What is Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Apertient and what are its effects? These are questions which the great American public has a right to ask, and it has also a right to expect a candid and satisfactory reply. The preparation is a valid and safe saline cathartic, alterative and tonic, and is most carefully prepared in the form of a snow-white powder, containing all the wonderful medicinal properties of the far-famed Seltzer Springs of Germany.

Of its effects we would say that those who have tested the preparation are the best judges; and they declare, over their own signatures, that the preparation will promptly relieve indigestion; regulate the flow of bile; cures every species of headache; tranquilize the nervous system; refresh and invigorate the weak; mitigate the pangs of Rheumatism; neutralize acid in the stomach; cleanse and tone the bowels; assist the failing appetite; cure the heartburn.

If you are a sufferer from this Remedy one trial, and it will convince you of the above facts. **TARRANT & CO.,** Sole Proprietors, New York. Sold by all Druggists. Sept. 19.

COLGATE & CO.'s Fragrant Toilet Soaps are prepared by skilled workmen from the best materials, and are known as the **STANDARD** by dealers and consumers. Sold everywhere. June 3.

G. W. CHIPMAN & CO., Carpets and General Commission Merchants and Manufacturers of Carpet Linings, 57 Milk and 70 Devon Streets, Boston. Particular attention given to styles of Carpeting for Churches. Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine our stock. Aug. 29.

O. S. CURRIER & CO., 94 Hanover Street, are selling English Cloaks, Shawls, Balloons, Tulle, Alpaca, Prints, DeLans, Cottons, &c., at much reduced prices. Jan. 9.

FISHER'S COUGH DROPS.—This certain and effectual cure for Coughs and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, has been generally known throughout England for the last sixty years, and is warranted to cure, or the price will be refunded. Prepared by **GEORGE W. WALSHINGHAM**, grandson of the late Dr. Fisher. **NASOR, SYMONDS & CO.,** Proprietors, Kennebunk, Maine. **G. C. GOODWIN & CO.,** Boston Agents. Sold by all Druggists. Aug. Oct. 3.

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, BOSTON, No. 48 Summer Street, corner of Arch.—This is the only Savings Bank in the Commonwealth that pays interest on deposits for all full months they remain in bank. All deposits, with the interest accruing thereon, are guaranteed to the depositor by a guarantee fund of two hundred thousand dollars.

RICHARD HOLMES, President. **ANSON J. STONE, Treasurer.** Jan. 16.

USE RENNE'S PAIN KILLING MAGIC OIL.—It works like a charm. Jan. 16.

LOW PRICED PIANO-FORTE BOOKS, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION, EXERCISES and Choice Music. **Model School for Piano \$1.50.** Winner's Perfect Guide for the Piano. Designed to impart a knowledge of Piano Playing without the aid of a teacher. 75. The Child's First Book for the Piano, 75. Piano without a Master, 75. Howe's Piano, 50. Woodbury's Piano, 50.—each containing, in addition to instructions, a choice collection of Music. Mailed post-paid. **OLIVER DUTTON & CO.,** Publishers. Jan. 30 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

LINEN WAREHOUSE. **TABLE DAMASKS, DAMASK COVERS, NAPKINS, DOYLIES, DIAPERS, DAMASK and Huck Towels, Crashes, Towellings, Pillow Linens and Linen Sheeting, Fronting and Body Linens, Shirting Bosoms, and every description of Linen Fabrics of Superior Manufacture.** Quilts, Blankets, Celebrated Ballardette Flannels. **PALMER, JACOBS & CO.,** 230 WASHINGTON ST., Boston.

Importers and Dealers in LINENS and HOUSEKEEPING DRY GOODS, for Furnishing Hotels, Restaurants, Steamers, Public Institutions and Families. Jan. 30 E 6mos LOW PRICES.

THE NEW MELODEON. **FOR VESTRY USE THE NEW MELODEON IS STILL AS POPULAR AS EVER.** It has most of the good old tunes that all want to sing—and a great variety of beautiful New Tunes. Compiled by Rev. J. W. Dammann. 192 pages, cloth. Price 50 cents; \$5.00 per dozen. For sale by **JAMES P. MAGEE,** No. 5 CORNHILL, Boston, Mass. Jan. 30 6t

CAMPBELL HOUSE, ESTABLISHED IN 1839. **NO. 6 WILSON LANE.** From State St. to Dock Street, BOSTON. **MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY.** Separate Dining and Sitting Rooms for Ladies. **Lodging Rooms by the Day or Week.** **OPEN ON SUNDAY.** **A. B. CAMPBELL (Proprietor),** CHAS. H. COVERLY. Jan. 30 3m

THOS. W. SILLOWAY. **CHURCH ARCHITECT,** 71 GREEN ST., BOSTON. Mr. Silloway invites the attention of Societies or Building Committees, who anticipate remodeling old, or erecting new churches, to the fact, that during the last twelve years he has had much experience in the erection of large edifices, especially those used for public speaking; having rendered architectural service for the erection of the new State House at Montpelier, Vt., and also for the remodeling or construction of over fifty churches, costing from \$2,000 to \$40,000 each.

He would be happy to exhibit drawings of the same, and give information on the subject to any desiring his services. Charges moderate, and letters by mail will receive early attention. Jan. 30 1m

"CHIMES AND PALM LEAVES."

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The Director would particularly invite persons who desire further information respecting the Conservatory to call at the office in MUSIC HALL, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M.

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